

# THE MANHATTAN.

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## FLORENCE THE BEAUTIFUL.

TO endeavor to give within the limits of a magazine article anything like an adequate idea of Florence would be attempting the impossible. Yet, what cannot be accomplished entirely, can at least be done partially. It is the province as well as the pleasure of all who feel an interest in the beautiful to dwell with loving admiration on those relics of a glorious past, of which Florence furnishes so many. Such is the freshness of feeling and warmth of appreciation connected with all things pertaining to Florentine history that the subject never loses its attractiveness through frequent repetition, and therefore the impressions of one to whom the very name of Florence is an inspiration and a perpetual joy, can hardly be amiss. In fact, the mere touch of pen to paper causes a thousand pleasurable emotions to spring into activity, confusing by their number and velocity, and rendering it difficult to determine just where to begin the treatment of this agreeable subject.

I will, however, first mention some of the causes of the remarkable growth and development of this wonderful Tuscan town. Truly, not even in these days of appreciative harmony could a more beautiful or appropriate name be found for the fair city than the one bestowed upon her by her rude Roman founders, *Florentia*, signifying place of flowers. In course of time the Latin name of *Florentia* became *Fiorenza*, more recently still, *Firenze*. Still it matters not which name we call her by, all equally mean City of Flowers. And judging from

the luxuriant quality of her natural surroundings, it would seem as if the goddess Flora had taken the place under her especial care, for on every side we discover the most unmistakable evidences of her sovereignty. The monuments of Florence are crowned by the iris, and the *fleur-de-lis* is emblazoned on her coat of arms. The cathedral is dedicated to *Santa Maria del Fiore*. Cascine, Boboli Garden, park and square vie with each other in the beauty and variety of their flowers. Everything basks in the sunlight, and nature in a peaceful, dreamy mood reflects everywhere the spirit of beauty and art-culture.

The ancient town of Fiesole, one of the twelve confederate cities of Etruria, and under the government of the King of Clusium, was celebrated as a seat of learning. The triple thunderbolt in the hand of Jove, symbolical of the three precious metals, was derived from Fiesole, and the city itself was supposed to have been founded by Atlas. The rite of sacrifice and the science of divination were there taught by the Etruscans. And even Rome annually sent twelve youths to the schools of Fiesole to study augury. When Sylla became master of Rome during the first century B. C., he punished the inhabitants of those Italian towns which had espoused the cause of his rival Marius, by depriving them of Roman franchise; confiscating their territory and dividing it among his soldiers. Among these conquered countries was the territory of Fiesole; and in a short space of time, beneath the walls of ruined Fiesole rose *Florentia*, a miniature



copy of the mother city, with her Field and Temple of Mars, her Forum, baths, theatres, amphitheatres and aqueducts, that extended some seven miles into the country.

All traces of these semi-civilized times have long since disappeared, and in no instance do we find in the Florence of to-day any existing evidence of the days when the world bent and writhed under the dominion of mere physical force. There are no temples, no arenas, no pavements worn by chariot wheels to remind us of those unhappy times when human beings sat in the vast amphitheatres and heard, with no

the princes of Europe sent their ambassadors to honor the occasion, no less than twelve of these envoys claimed the honor of being citizens of Florence. And on learning this Pope Boniface exclaimed, that "to the four elements of the world must now be added a fifth—the Florentines." Nowhere do we find any account in the old chronicles of extravagance in living. And it would seem that the very simplicity and abstemiousness of their daily habits were highly conducive to that intellectual eminence to which the Florentines finally attained. At that dazzling and glorious pe-



FLORENCE, FROM THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVATORE DEL MONTE.

emotion of pity, the gladiator's cry: "*Oh Caesar! morituri salutamus.*"

Passing over those almost chaotic periods in Florentine history, we come to the eleventh century. And here we find Florence fast becoming a great and populous city, inhabited by an industrious people, who have established important commercial relations with the rest of the world. The Guilds of Florence, such as the wool-weavers, silk-workers and the like, were held in high esteem and honor throughout Italy and Europe. The members of these guilds had full voice in the government of the city. And, indeed, such was the influence and honor of a Florentine citizen, that when Pope Boniface VIII. instituted the Jubilee in 1300, and

riod called the Renaissance, when the fine arts had reached their apogee, Florence was not only the intellectual mistress of the world, she even challenged comparison with antiquity and the matchless and immortal art of Greece. "She is the Athens of Italy," says Lemonnier, "only it is not the Athens of Aristides; it is the Athens of Alcibiades." While we of the nineteenth century would hardly venture to express our admiration for beautiful Florence in phrases as flowery and romantic as those used by the early chroniclers, they would nevertheless be as hearty and sincere. "Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety."

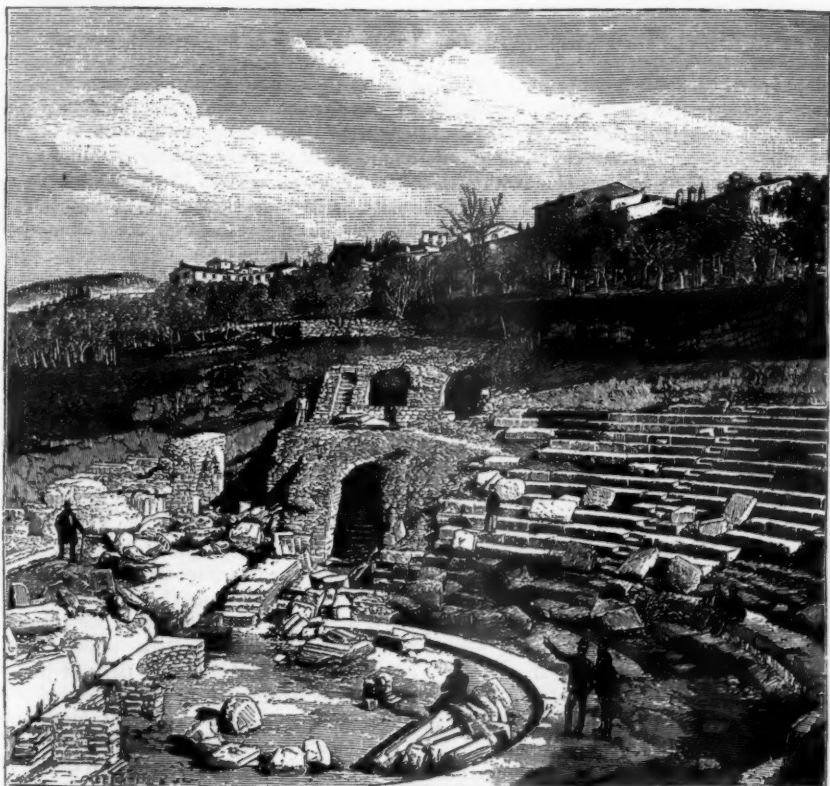
I hardly need say that the love of poet and painter, scholar and traveler for this fas-



cinating city suffers no diminution with the lapse of time, but, on the contrary, broadens and intensifies under the growing light of modern culture. It is no equivocal, no niggardly, no common love that is accorded to Florence. It is a love given as freely and fully as the sunshine which falls upon her flowery vales. It would seem that the potent charm which brought all things to such a state of perfection in Florence is Nature itself. Even so great an authority as Vasari does not hesitate to affirm that the pure and delicious atmosphere of Florence is highly conducive to intelligence and refinement, and was undoubtedly the cause of the more rapid development of art and the art-spirit in Florence than in the other Italian towns. And it is not extravagant to say that there

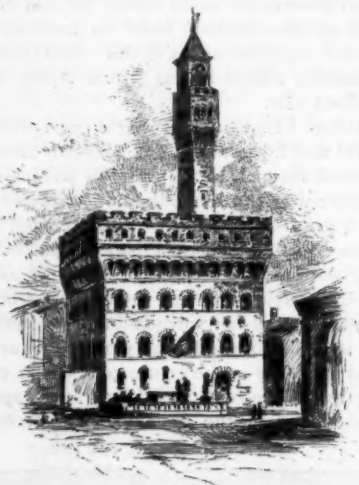
is no place in the world where Art and Nature so harmoniously blend to meet each other's requirements as in the "*Bello Ovale*" (beautiful sheepfold), as Dante styled his idolized city.

Before I turn to her priceless gems of art, I will take a hasty survey of her justly famed natural advantages. It is hardly possible to picture with pen and ink the physiognomy of a great city. Such a picture cannot be more than an indistinct photograph, lacking warmth of coloring and depth of tone. I will therefore content myself with a brief description of her surroundings. Florence, in all of her radiant beauty of dome, turret and spire, lies in the centre of a fertile valley, and is almost encircled by different spurs and ranges of the Apennines, the smiling



RUINS OF ANCIENT FIESOLE.—THE ROMAN THEATRE.





PALAZZO VECCHIO AND RINGHIERA.

slopes of which are covered by vine-clad terraces. On the north, in strength and majesty, towers skyward that grand old Titan, Monte Morello. To the east, boldly outlined against the wondrous blue of the Italian sky, stands the venerable height of Fiesole, with its Cyclopean walls. On the southern side are the lovely hills of San Miniato. Here let us tarry a moment to gaze upon the ancient and exquisitely proportioned church of San Salvatore del Monte, the same that Michael Angelo called "La Bella Villanella." From the heights of San Miniato we see in the dim distance the fleecy mountains of Carrara, looking like cloud-capped palaces. Nearer by are the beautiful heights of Bellosguardo, approached by the famous drive called the "Via dei Colli." Upon a still higher elevation in the background stands the observatory and house of Galileo, who, persecuted alike by layman and churchman, was dragged before the tortuous Inquisition and obliged to recant his heretical and seditious theory of the earth's rotation. His muttered, "*E pur se muove*" (nevertheless, it does move), as he arose from his knees, now receives an enlightened world's indorsement, and his name is inscribed among the immortals. Down through a lovely valley, and lost to sight among the noble hills of Vallombrosa,

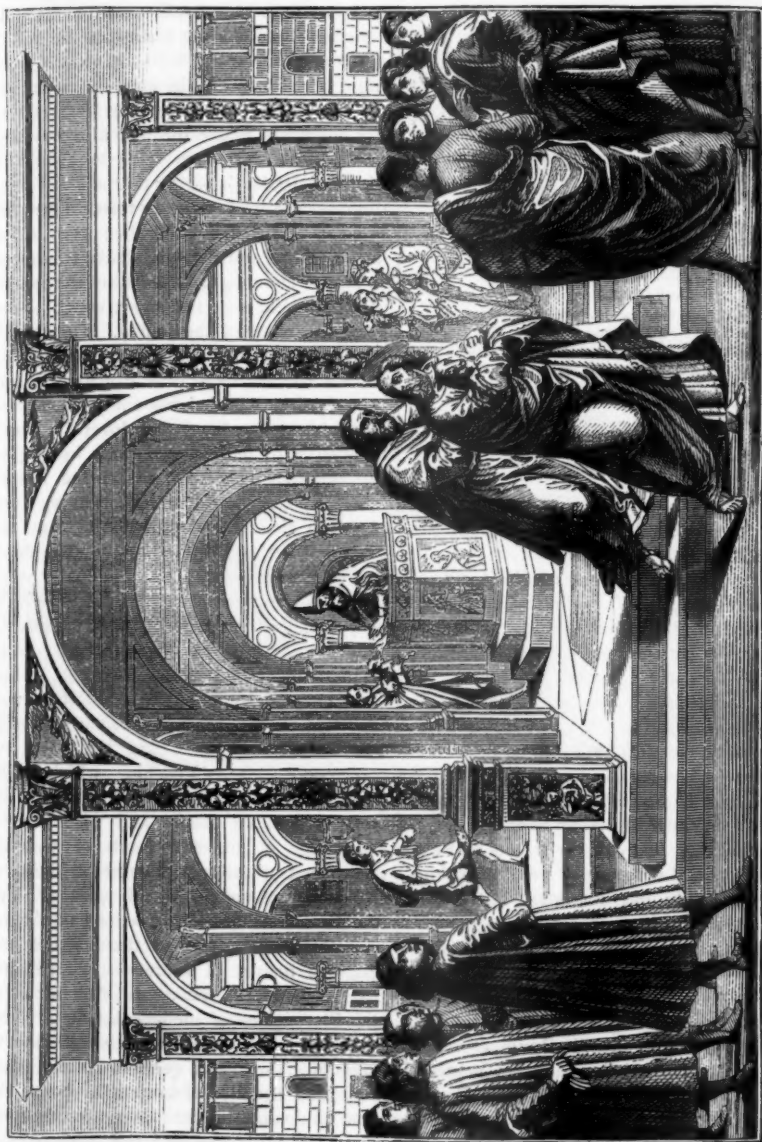


DOORWAY OF DANTE'S HOUSE.

glides the Arno, "mountain-born and poet-hymned river." Yellow and muddy and altogether unattractive as this river is in the sunlight, at the twilight hour, and especially by moonlight, it looks like a chain of silver. And as it flows through the heart of the city, it greatly enhances the picturesque beauty of Florence.

And now that we have compassed the girdle that encircles the city, we will, before entering, stop near the old gate called the Porta Pinti, and wander through the lovely Protestant cemetery, which is one of the Meccas of pilgrimage for all who love the pure and elevating poetry of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Here she sleeps under the shadow of the cypress and in view of her beloved Florence. It is no wonder that on the tablet inserted in the Casa Guidi by the Italian government they say that she gave the marriage-ring to Italy and England; for she poured her whole heart and soul into some of the most fervent and sublime poems ever written in defense of Italian liberty and unity. "Beautifully she lived her saintly life, and as she closed her eyes in that earthly sleep that knows no awakening on the morning of the 29th of June, 1861, gazing upward through the wide-open gates upon the ineffable glory, she sweetly smiled, and saying, 'It is beautiful!'





JOACHIM DRIVEN FROM THE TEMPLE.—Fresco by GHIRLANDAJO IN THE CHAPEL OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLA.



departed with the early dawn, vanishing like the morning star amid the golden radiance of an eternal sunrise.

'Up, upwards! like a saint who strips  
The shroud back from his eyes and lips,  
And rises in Apocalypse.' "

While in presence, at least spiritually, of this gifted woman, let us repeat in reverent mood her simple creed. For are not those noble temples gleaming in the distance an outcome of the same high faith?

"I believe

In one priest, and one temple with its floors  
Of shining jasper gloomed, at morn and eve,  
By countless knees of earnest auditors:  
And crystal walls too lucid to perceive  
That none may take the measure of this place  
And say so far the porphyry, then the flint;  
To that mark mercy goes and there ends grace,  
Though the still permeable crystals hint  
At some white starry distance bathed in space.

I hold the articulated Gospels, which  
Show Christ among us crucified on tree:  
I love all who love truth if rich or poor,  
In what they *have* won of truth possessively."

Near her simple marble sarcophagus, which is in the mediæval style supported by six composite columns, is the modest grave of Theodore Parker, whose struggles for poor humanity were not all in vain. Sweet flowers breathe their fragrance over this hallowed spot, and as we turn away, we say as Keats said of its sister cemetery in Rome: "It would make one in love with death to be buried in so sweet a spot." From this interesting place we turn into the spacious Via Principe and enter the city by way of the Via Cavour, named after the famous statesman and defender of Italian liberty.

We find that many of the streets of Florence are named in honor of some illustrious patrician family and not infrequently take their name from some scene or incident that transpired within their limits. Perhaps one of the most interesting incidents connected with the naming of a street is the romantic story that gave name to the Via della Morta and to the Via Rondinelli. Ginevra, a daughter of the patrician house of Adimari, was beloved by Antonio Rondinelli, son of a plebeian family that led an attack against the nobles. Consequently her father refused his consent to her marriage with Rondinelli, and forced her to accept a patrician named Agolanti. During

the plague of 1400 she was seized with the fearful malady and fell into a swoon, which was mistaken for death, and was hurriedly interred in the family vault in the old cemetery between the Cathedral and Campanile. Recovering her senses during the night she succeeded in escaping from her dismal abode. Ginevra then returned to her husband's house through a narrow lane called from that time forth the Via della Morta. Agolanti, fearing that she was some disembodied spirit come to torment him, refused to admit her. She then went to her father's house and met with similar treatment. In despair she sought the house of the parents of Rondinelli, near the street which to-day bears the name of the family. They gladly took her in, and the tribunals having decided that the marriage of a woman who had been dead and buried was annulled, she was allowed to marry her former lover. It would be possible to make a very clear heading to the different epochs of Florentine history by simply naming the streets, as every street is rich in historical reminiscences. And one narrow street is glorified by the rude doorway of Dante's house.

One of the most interesting places in Florence is the Piazza della Signoria. Here all the volcanic conditions of the Florentine temperament were made manifest. Here were enacted some of the saddest as well as some of the most grotesque scenes in Florentine history. Could the ugly and sphinx-like Palazzo Vecchio—which is the grim guardian of the Piazza—speak, the world would be sadder and wiser for its knowledge of horrible deeds of violence committed in the sacred name of liberty in the secret chambers of this palace. This famous Piazza has witnessed all of the remarkable convulsions in the political and religious history of Florence. And here I may speak of the incongruous character of the Florentines of mediæval times. Celebrated as they were for their devotion to commerce, arts and general culture, they were also equally celebrated for being the most fickle and unstable beings in the world as regards their temporal and spiritual government. Frank and Lombard, Ostrogoth, Guelph and Ghibelline, Bianchi and Neri have successively deluged the streets of



Florence with the blood of her citizens, in their attempts to gain dominion over the city. In quick succession the city has been under theocratic, democratic and aristocratic forms of government. And, as if not content with her dukes, grand-dukes, consuls, priors, gonfaloniers, signoria, foreign princes (among whom was the celebrated and detested Duke of Athens), she not only elected the bronze Marzocco of the Piazza gonfalonier, but, under the intensity of religious enthusiasm, caused by the eloquent

dangers threatening the republic. He therefore proposed to the council that Christ should be elected King of Florence, as a pledge that Florentines would accept the King of Heaven only as their ruler. According to contemporary history, Capponi presided at the great council that was convened on the 9th of February, 1527, and in a highly wrought state of religious frenzy, repeated *verbatim* a sermon of Savonarola, and then, throwing himself on his knees, cried in a loud voice, "*Misericordia!*" The whole

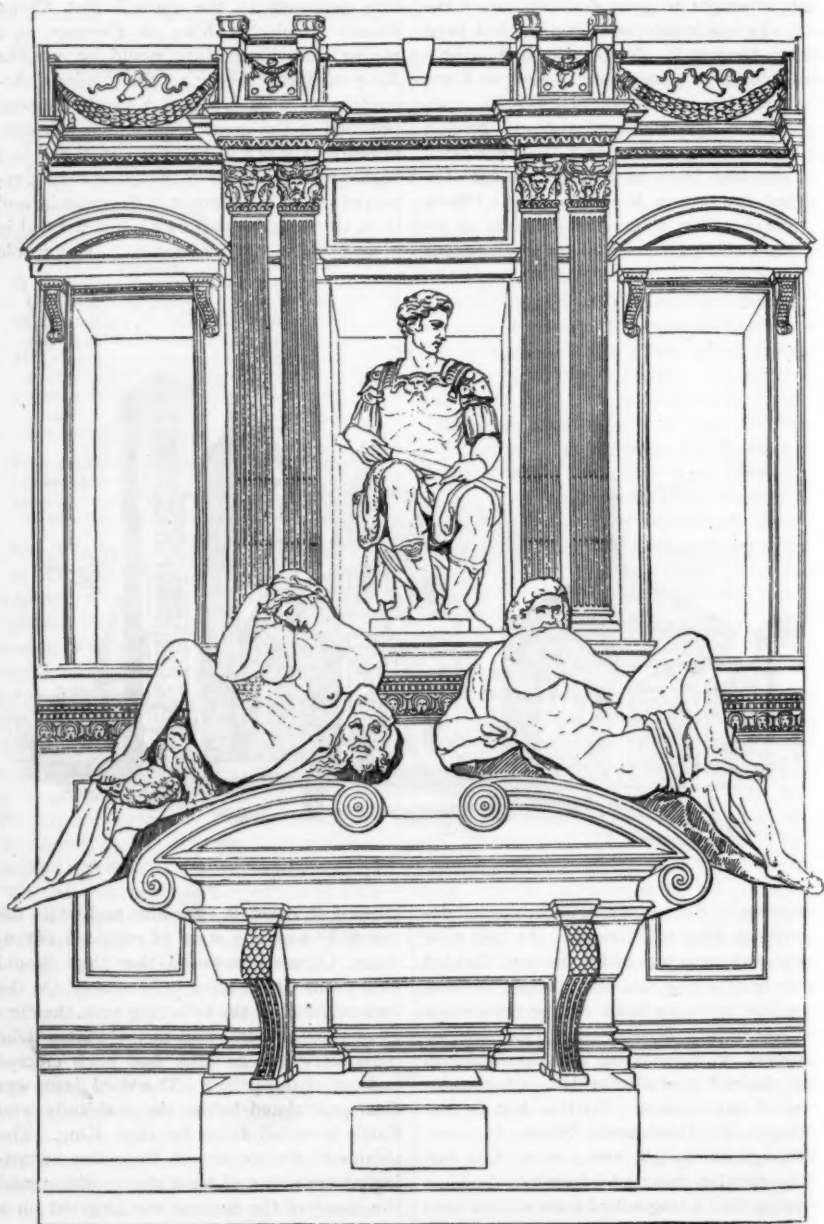


DUOMO, BAPTISTERY AND CAMPANILE.

preaching of Savonarola, actually elected Jesus Christ King of Florence. At that time the government was distracted and divided by three opposing factions. These factions were the party in favor of the restoration of the exiled Medici, the Libertini, or followers of Savonarola, and the Ottimati, who desired a moderate but conservative form of government. To this last faction belonged the Gonfalonier Nicolo Capponi. Although an upright and just man, he had no particular force of character, and on learning that a league had been entered into by Pope Clement and Charles V., thought, by taking pacific measures, to ward off the

council repeated it after him, and while the assembly was in a state of religious enthusiasm, Capponi proposed that they should elect Jesus Christ King of Florence. On the 10th of June, in the following year, the clergy of the Cathedral met in the Piazza della Signoria, where an altar had been erected in front of the palace. The word Jesus was then proclaimed before the multitude, who finally accepted Jesus for their King. The shields of France and of Pope Leo accordingly were removed from their position, and the name of the Saviour was inserted on a tablet above the entrance to the palace. Until 1846 this tablet was concealed by a





TOMB OF JULIAN DE' MEDICI, BY MICHAEL ANGELO.



huge shield bearing the ducal arms. For some reason it was decided to remove the shield. Then it was discovered that the original dedication to the Saviour had been changed to the words "*Rex Regium et Dominus Dominantium*." Count Luigi Passerini suggests that the Grand Duke Cosimo dei Medici may have substituted this inscription on account of his unwillingness to share the sovereignty of Florence even with his Divine Master.

Notwithstanding their frequent political and religious disturbances, their division into factions and party strife, there was, nevertheless, a dignity and patriotism in those old Florentines that gave them a marked individuality and brought about a state of affairs that affected the condition of the whole civilized world for the better. And there is beauty of sentiment in the thought that the flowers which were strewn every year over the spot where poor Savonarola was hanged and burned, were indeed let fall by the invisible hands of angels to purify the city from this foul blot in her history.

The best preserved of all the ancient monuments in Florence is the Bargello, built in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Once the Palace of the Podestà, and named the Bargello when it was transformed into a prison, it is now a National Museum. The courtyard of the structure, restored with a careful regard to its original aspect, presents an imposing appearance. The scutcheons of the various Podestàs and of the ordinary members of council let into the walls give the courtyard especially, with its noble flight of steps, an imposing appearance. Few of the treasures in the Museum of the Bargello linger longer in the memory of those who behold them than the bas-reliefs designed by Donatello, and intended by him for the balustrade of the organ-loft of the Cathedral. The productions of his dramatic and splendid genius are almost infinite in their variety, but none of them are more delightful than these children, with the elasticity of their movement and the vivacity of their gambols.

The Palazzo Vecchio, Duomo, Campanile, Pitti and Uffizii galleries represent the three great divisions in Florentine history—that is to say, the temporal, civic and art pe-

riods. And here I may pause to consider the immense influence which the commercial spirit exercised over the formation of the golden age of Italian art and literature. As has been said, it was neither kingly nor priestly power that would seem to have had any share in the glory of having helped forward this new and tremendous mutation. "It came into life at the command of a greater power than either—the power of humanity itself exerted through its great minister, Commerce, that enlarger of knowledge and illuminator of the public mind, binding the ends of the world together in golden chains." Passing to the Palazzo Vecchio, there are few existing buildings that have witnessed so many changes, and yet amid all the fluctuations of time and change continued to serve the purpose for which they were originally intended. Erected in 1298 as the seat of the Signoria, the government of the republic, it is to-day occupied by the Florentine municipality. Unlike most of the world-renowned architectural monuments in Florence, it possesses neither symmetry nor grace. The original building was in the shape of a parallelogram. Various additions from time to time have been made, and it now has the appearance of a huge rectangular building crowned by square-shaped, frowning battlements, the sign of the Guelphic party. In this tower formerly swung an enormous bell, called "*La Campana dei Leoni*." This bell, in clear, silvery tones, rang out the announcement of a victory as well as the celebration of marriages. It was destroyed in 1530. The *Ringhiera*, or rostrum, that was added to the Palazzo in 1349, greatly improved the building, as we may see by examination of a grand old picture in the famous old convent of San Marco, and which likewise contains so many interesting relics of Savonarola as well as those sublime religious frescoes of Fra Angelico, said to be inspired by beatific visions. During the Napoleonic régime the *Ringhiera* was demolished. A great fountain ornamented by a colossal Neptune and his attendant Nereids and Tritons, adorns the place formerly occupied by the *Ringhiera*. The Marzocco, or Lion of Florence, is near the fountain, and has kept a watchful guard over the





STATUE OF GIULIANO DE' MEDICI, BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

piazza for centuries. The mystery surrounding the object of the erection of the Pyramids is not greater than that of the origin of the word Marzocco.

Near the entrance to the palace, down to as late as 1873, stood the gigantic statue of David by Michael Angelo. This statue, which is emblematic of liberty, appears to have been greatly beloved by the great master, as tradition tells us that he had a chair placed near the statue, where he was in the habit of sitting, lost in contemplation of his favorite work. If photography had been an early invention, what a clear insight we would now have into the curious customs and quaint manners of the times; their allegorical representations on *fête* and wedding days, tournaments and the like. In such daily photographs would have appeared the figures of Dante, Petrarch, Giotto, Angelo, and a host of lesser lights.

And equally interesting would be a photographic view of the famous Piazza di Sta Croce when it was animated by the spectators and players of those public games that had been handed down from the old Roman days. Especially would the Piazza have been a pleasant picture during the progress of the game called *Calcio*. This game was held in such high esteem, and was so much played, that frequent allusion is made to it in various works of prose and poetry of the day. Even so learned a scholar as Poli-

tian does not consider it too trifling to be mentioned. Fifty-four players took part in the game dressed in appropriate costume. Great agility and strength were required,



and at the sounding of the Tuscan trumpet the leather balls went flying through the air with inconceivable rapidity. Not only did the beauty and fashion of the city grace the occasion, but in the dignified familiarity of those glorious times, the populace mingled in the general merry-making. The last time this ancient Roman game was played was in 1739.

Let us now turn to the Piazza del Duomo, with its remarkable group — the Cathedral, Campanile and Baptistry; three famous architectural monuments that are known and admired in every quarter of the globe penetrated by art and civilization. The Cathedral is an imposing example of the Italian-Gothic school and is crowned by the wonderful Dome of Brunelleschi. It was of this dome that Michael Angelo said:

"Io vado a Roma a far la tua sorella,  
Piu grande si, ma non di te piu bella."—

(I am going to Rome to make thy sister, more vast, it is true, but not more beautiful).

The great dome, with its four encircling domes, symbolizes the Father and the four Evangelists. The decoration of the outside of the Cathedral is distinctively Florentine, namely, the introduction of flat surfaces inlaid with marbles and mosaic. Ineffective as this style would be in a northern clime, it is, however, very beautiful under the influence of a brilliant southern sky, that reflects, even at a distance, all of the colors



STATUE OF LORENZO DE' MEDICI, BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

used in the decoration. Unlike most of the Italian churches, there is a great simplicity and absence of ornament in the interior of the Cathedral. Nor could we wish it other-



wise, for its very simplicity enhances its grandeur and sublimity. Of the Campanile of Giotto, it is sufficient to say that Ruskin's summary of the qualifications requisite to produce form and beauty are all united in this lovely gem. After defining what is necessary to produce a perfect architectural whole, he says, "These characteristics occur more or less in different buildings, some in one, some in another; but all together, and in their highest possible relative degrees, they exist, as far as I know, only in one building in the world, the Campanile of Giotto,

one of his liveliest poems. The devil is said to have visited Florence mounted on the back of the wind. On reaching the Piazza he alighted, and desiring his escort to wait for his return, entered the Cathedral to speak a word to the dean and chapter. Some declare that the pious canons converted the devil, others that the conference is still going on. But whatever the cause the devil has never quitted the Cathedral, and the wind, obedient to his command, still waits outside and is never absent from his post. I humbly suggest that if his sa-



INTERIOR OF SANTA CROCE.

at Florence." To one who does not understand all of the underlying laws of architecture, this Campanile, at first sight, appears like a huge mass of exquisitely wrought and petrified old lace. The charm of the Baptistery consists in its three marvelous doors. The two bronze doors by Ghiberti, and said by Michael Angelo to be worthy to be the gates of Paradise, were copied for the present residence of Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, full-size plaster casts being in the Yale School of Fine Arts.

In the Misses Horner's delightful work on Florence is a very amusing legend concerning the Cathedral, and which inspired the Venetian poet Francesco del Ongaro with

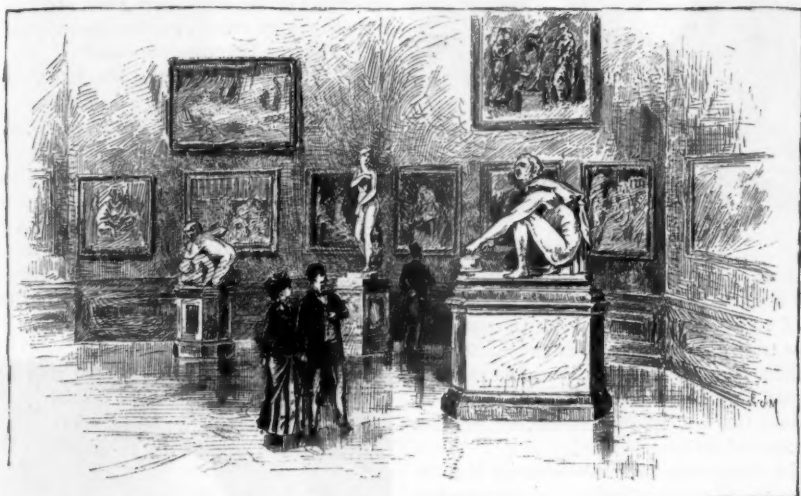
tanic majesty did pay a visit to the Cathedral he went there to view with grim satisfaction the burial-place of his colleague, Sir John Hawkwood (Falcone del Bosco was his Italian *sobriquet*), captain of free companies and slave-traders. It has even been whispered that good Queen Bess had a share in his undertakings. For the fidelity and enterprise with which this notable personage served the Florentine Republic he was given a splendid funeral at the public expense, all Florence turning out to do him honor. Although it was said that he had sold his soul to the devil, he was permitted to rest in the very odor of sanctity, as he was buried beneath the choir in the Cathedral.



The church of San Lorenzo is also an interesting monument, as it contains the celebrated statue and monuments designed by Michael Angelo in honor of the Medici family. The entire sacristy (*sagrestia nuova*) was built by him as a mausoleum for this powerful family, and is richly decorated with marbles and pietra-dura work. A sadness of thought comes over us while in this church, as all of the associations connected with it partake of the nature of sacrifice. Here at the altar of San Lorenzo the downfall and sacrifice of Italian liberty was completed by the marriage of the daughter of

gorical representation of the shame, grief, and ruin brought upon Florence by this illustrious family. The dignity and grandeur of the statues of Giuliano and Lorenzo, the former armed, half rising from his seat, the latter sitting in gloomy meditation, make an ineffaceable impression on the mind. The Lorenzo is the embodiment of Thought:

"He meditates, his head upon his hand.  
What from beneath his helm-like bonnet scowls?  
Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull?  
'Tis lost in shade; yet, like the basilisk,  
It fascinates, and is intolerable.  
His mien is noble, most majestic!  
Then most so when the distant choir is heard  
At morn or eve."



PART OF THE TRIBUNE.

Charles V. to Alexander the Moor. Here Buonarrotti, burning with a deep sense of the wrong and injustice inflicted on his beloved city by the unholy sacrifice to the imperial party, was compelled by the haughty Pope Clement to complete the work that was to honor the very family that had brought about the downfall of Italian liberty. The four beautiful recumbent figures beneath the statues of Giuliano and Lorenzo de' Medici are generally supposed to be typical of Death and Resurrection. But it has with much reason been suggested that full of bitterness as was the heart of this almost more than mortal man, at the abolition of the Republic by Alexander de' Medici, he intended to convey by these statues an alle-

Here also is preserved as a most precious relic, the famous Jesu Bambino that was carried at the head of the procession Savonarola sent through Florence to burn and destroy everything that had an immoral or extravagant tendency, such as jewels, rich robes, books, statues, and the like. Poor Mona Brigida, in "Romola," gives us a most pathetic account of this procession.

Passing from San Lorenzo to Santa Croce, one cannot help a sigh of regret that Angelo's matchless genius was not employed on the tombs of those immortals whose dust reposes in that Westminster Abbey of Florence, rather than on the tombs of the Medici. They were, for the most part, an unworthy race, after Lorenzo. Cosimo II. deserves,





COSIMO II., DE' MEDICI.

indeed, to be remembered for the protection he accorded Galileo. The line of the Medici ended in 1737 with John Gaston, who was truly a queer mixture of virtue and vice. When, however, in the vast inclosure of Santa Croce we come across the names of Dante, Galileo, and Machiavelli, we feel that such need no monument.

In the cloister of St. Annunziata is to be seen the Madonna del Saco, by that wonderful colorist and painter, Andrea del Sarto. Vasari considered it the finest fresco in the world. And though time has dimmed its beauty and richness, enough remains to justify Vasari's opinion of the fresco. Rich in art and beautiful in architecture are many other churches in Florence, among which there is space to mention Santa Maria Novella only, where the frescoes of Domenico Ghirlandajo, whose compositions combine gravity and power with much grace, cover the whole of one of the walls from roof to base.

Let us go from the churches to the world-famous and unrivaled galleries of the Pitti and Uffizii, that are joined across the Arno, like the Siamese twins, by the old Ponte Vecchio. To describe the wonders of these

galleries is an impossibility; busy as the eyes and mind are when there, weeks—nay, months—will not do them justice. The various departments of art—such as the Cabinet of Gems and Inscriptions, Central Archives of Tuscany, Biblioteca Nazionale, saloons of statues and drawings and paintings—are all arranged with such nicety and precision that it is impossible for the merest tyro to go through these galleries without a deeper and fuller knowledge and appreciation of the real significance of art and art-culture. In the Tribune of the Uffizii is the Venus di Medici, before whose shrine the art-critics of the world have knelt and humbly offered up all the superlative adjectives of praise that language can boast.

Yet little less is the praise which has been lavished on the four other precious relics of antiquity in the Tribune, the Apollino, the Dancing Faun, the Wrestlers, and that art-puzzle, the Anotino, or slave whetting his knife. Beside the statues are paintings by Perugino, Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Van Dyck, Rubens, Michael Angelo and many others. Indeed the gems of the Tribune alone would suffice to make the reputation of any modern city. In the saloon of



JOHN GASTON, THE LAST OF THE MEDICI.



Niobe is the famous Niobe surrounded on either side by her expiring children. The eloquent pathos of despair depicted in the marble Niobe once seen is never forgotten.

senseless and anatomy and perspective unknown. For ages there was scarcely any perceptible advance in Art and in the pictures of many of the early Annunciations,



BAS-RELIEFS FOR THE ORGAN GALLERY OF THE DUOMO, NOW IN THE BARGELLO MUSEUM.

Nor is it easy to forget that strange offspring of the imagination of some ancient Etruscan, the bronze Chimæra of Bellerophon.

Compared with the art of antiquity and the Renaissance, what is termed *old art* has a very crude and unsatisfactory appearance, and is only interesting as it serves to connect modern art with the antique. Old art belongs to the time that intervened between the antique and the Renaissance periods of art. When Rome embraced Christianity, the new made Christians sought to atone for their past paganism by destroying all the pictures and statues that had been used in Pagan worship. So thoroughly did these early Christians do their work that it was rather by accident than design that many beautiful works of art were buried in the bosom of kindly Mother Nature, to be unearthed after the lapse of centuries. When the longings of the soul to create again manifested itself, it showed the creative impulse in rude outlines on a ground of color, then attempts at portraiture where the faces were flat and

Assumptions and Coronations we find the "Old" striving with the "Antique" in a not very satisfactory manner, either to the artist or to the beholder. Crude as the old art now appears, we must not despise it, for it paved the way for the glorious Renaissance period. What Rome destroyed, Florence recreated, and that, too, with greater intellectual beauty than even Greece in her palmiest days could boast of producing. In the St. Sebastian of Sodoma, the beautiful creations of Andrea del Sarto, the Pietàs of Perugino and Bartolomeo, the Madonnas of Raphael, the immortal works of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo, we possess pictures that will always be unsurpassable. It is not possible that there will ever be a more lovely and lovable picture than the Madonna della Sedia of Raphael, in the Pitti gallery. We do not pause to consider if the Mary is more of a sultana than a Madonna; it is the great Mother-love that permeates her whole being, and which goes out to the babe lying in such sweet



security upon her knees, that draws out all of our love and sympathy. What purity of emotion it calls forth! what tender thoughts well up within as we stand before this glorious picture! It is because all of Raphael's pictures are replete with indications of deep, profound sentiment that he is to-day the best beloved of all the great masters of Modern Art.

And this brings us to that general survey of Florentine art-history through which

we realize how great is the debt we of these modern times owe to the civilization and culture of Florence. As I have previously endeavored to show, we are met at every turn in our wanderings through this beautiful city by objects that give us a vivid impression of the mighty and not very remote past. Italy, of all the European countries, was the first to do anything worthy of the name of art or literature, and in this respect may not inaptly be called the morning



COURTYARD OF THE BARGELLO .



star of modern civilization. Under the revivifying influence of Italian literature the whole world seems suddenly to have changed its character, and in the new birth of thought an impetus was given to the mind which very soon produced in England, Chaucer, Surrey, Wyatt, Sidney, Spenser and Shakespeare. As I have said, the revival of learning in the fifteenth century spread throughout Italy. But it was Florence that gave the movement its distinctive life and character. Symonds tells us that "The Florentines were animated with the strongest sense of the greatness and splendor of Florence. However much we may deplore the rancorous dissensions which from time to time split up the commonwealth into parties, the remorseless policy which destroyed Pisa, and the political measures of the Medici, Florence was a city glorious, a realized ideal of culture and humanity for all of the rest of Italy; and through Italian influences in general, for modern Europe and for us." So great indeed was the intellectual spirit of Florence at this particular time, and so powerful has been her influence on the civilized world, that even now, as we look back through the centuries at the attainments of this wonderful Tuscan city, we cannot but feel that like the culture of Athens it marks an important stage in the history of the world's development. Here Savonarola hurled his burning eloquence against the sins of prelates and princes. Here lived and moved the majestic figure of Dante, of whom Michael Angelo has nobly said :

"What should be said of him cannot be said :  
By too great splendor is his name attended ;  
To blame is easier those who him offended,  
Than reach the faintest glory round him shed.

That the most perfect most of grief shall see ;  
Among a thousand proofs let one suffice :  
That as his exile hath no parallel,  
Ne'er walked the earth a greater man than he."

Here dwelt Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci and Giotto, those great masters who have left their impress indelibly stamped on the art-history of the world.

The Florence of to-day is, of course, very different from the Florence of the Renaissance period. But, even now, as we enter into the life and habits of her people, it is an easy matter to perceive that the heart

VOL. II.—No. 2.—39.

of Italy, like the climate of Italy, is full of sunshine, softness and beauty. Speaking to us through the pathos of departed greatness, Florence bewitches our hearts as no other European city does. She is indeed the widowed embodiment, as it were, of that glorious Renaissance period which cannot be studied too much, for its positive results in the things of the intellect and the imagination, no less than for those æsthetic and ethical qualities, of which it is a consummate type. Referring to Michael Angelo, Grimm says: "When one speaks of him, winds, clouds, seas and mountains disappear, and only what is proved by the spirit of man remains behind." And the same may in a measure be said of Florence. The ordinary accessories of nature and circumstances still possess an interest for us in all things pertaining to Florentine history. But, above all of the subordinate conditions, there is that in the history of this marvelous city which brings the human element before us with a distinctness, a pathos, a power over which the march of centuries has no influence.

J. HEARD.

## WHO'S MY LOVE?

### I.

They query who my love may be,  
I answer, "She's a mystery."  
I only know, one gentle night,  
Shone first on me her starry light.

### II.

Tis asked if she will bide with me ;  
I know what is, trust what shall be.  
Who was not born can never die ;  
Our present hides the by-and-by.

### III.

She'll be with me somehow, somewhere,  
Perchance in happy homes of air ;  
Too much an angel for the earth,  
Too human for celestial birth.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.



## BEATRIX RANDOLPH.\*

### CHAPTER III.

#### HOW SHE WAS WORRIED AND PERSECUTED.

IN autumn the old Randolph homestead looked as if it were showered with gold. The great elm trees, transmuted by the touch of this Midas of the seasons, stood in a yellow glory of myriad leaves, which every breath of the cool west breeze scattered profusely earthward, where, with the still unchanged grass, they formed a spangled carpet of green and gold. The apples thronged the crooked boughs of the orchard, some like glowing rubies, others like the famous fruit of the Hesperides, though there was no guardian dragon to give them a fictitious value. The broad roof of the house itself was littered with innumerable little golden scales, of workmanship far beyond the skill of any human goldsmith, yet of absolutely no market value. What is the significance of this yearly phantasmagory of illimitable riches, worthless because illimitable? Is it a satire or a consolation? Does it mock the poor man's indigence, or cause him to hope again for competence? It comes as the guerdon of nature, after her mighty task is done; but when she has composed herself to her wintry sleep it is trodden into the earth and forgotten; and the new year begins his labors with new sap and naked buds. It is only the human world that has to bear the burden of inheritance; and perhaps we shall never enjoy true wealth till we have learned the lesson of the trees.

Poor Mr. Randolph certainly had little else beside autumn leaves wherewith to satisfy his creditors, and the winter of his discontent was close upon him. There is a philosophy for the poor, and a philosophy for the wealthy; but the philosophy that can console the debtor has yet to be discovered. Debt does not allow its victim to be either dignified or resigned. It afflicts him, as Job was afflicted with sore boils, from the crown

of his head to the soles of his feet, so that he can neither stand nor sit nor move with comfort. He can find no peace, at home or abroad; he is sought by those who love him not, and no barriers that he can erect will keep them away. His social position and his moral respectability no longer gain him reverence; he is compelled to meet the meanest of his fellow-creatures on a basis of plain human equality—save that he is defenseless, while they are armed to the teeth with writs, warrants, injunctions, deeds of bankruptcy, and all the dismal arsenal of the law. All his assertions are doubted, and all his motives misjudged. He finds himself driven by inevitable pressure into an attitude of hostility and hatred toward his kind; he discovers the injustice of justice, and the wrong of right. Gradually his moral sense becomes impaired; feeling that the whole great heartless world is against him, with all the odds of numbers, means and tradition, he begins to consider himself warranted in resorting to any measures of self-protection. He will rejoice in his enemy's discomfiture, and slay him, if he can, in the dark. His analysis of his fellow-man reveals nothing but selfishness, under whatever disguise of virtue hidden; and, finally, like Macbeth, he throws aside all compunction and half-measures, and direness, familiar to his thoughts, cannot once move him.

The higher his previous position, the more intolerable his present predicament; and this was the case with Mr. Randolph. Born and brought up in the custom of sufficient resources, he had never contemplated the possibility of want. There had seemed to be something noble and high-minded in meeting without question all demands upon him; but, when the supply actually ran short, things wore a different aspect. He had



never believed that a gentleman like himself, of excellent family and unimpeachable repute, could ever come to positive helplessness. Such a catastrophe might happen to others, but never to Alexander Randolph. At the last moment, if not much sooner, society would come forward with an indignant protest, and in some way deliver him from all embarrassments. Society, however, failed to avail itself of so shining an opportunity to express its sense of Mr. Randolph's merit. There is one moment in a man's life in which society takes no interest, and that is the moment when his head is just going under water. There is something vulgar in the spectacle, and society turns its attention elsewhere.

If Mr. Randolph had spent his whole fortune simply in paying his son's drafts, he would at least have had the comfort of putting the whole burden of the responsibility on his son's shoulders. But, unfortunately, the larger part of the loss was due to private rashness of his own. When he found that Ed's rapacity was getting serious, he bethought him that his property was invested in things which, although perfectly safe, brought a very low interest. Now, stocks were to be had which would double or treble his income, although, to be sure, their soundness was less assured than that of United States bonds. This defect, however, might be remedied by sound judgment and presence of mind. None of Mr. Randolph's friends, probably, would have specified these qualities as being conspicuous in him, save by their absence; but Mr. Randolph himself was of an opposite opinion. The devoted gentleman betook himself to Wall street, and speculated there. The brokers treated him as Richard III. proposed to treat his wife—they had him, but they did not keep him long. His speculations after he returned home were probably more edifying than those he indulged in on the Street. Be that as it may, his proceedings materially hastened the conclusion which Ed's extravagances had first brought into view. He was ruined, and he began to realize it. Two or three weeks' experience of it (such was his quickness of apprehension) more than satisfied him. He perceived that, for the sake of an empty sound, an artificial pride, he had

sacrificed all the solid comforts of life. Nor was the "honor" for which he had made this sacrifice any the more honored by the transaction. Nobody knew or cared anything about it; it was like a Confederate bank-note--worth attention only for the sake of the comical contrast between its assumption and its value. To believe in one's self is a comfortable feat, but difficult to perform in defiance of an incredulous and indifferent world. The revolting suspicion that he had been a fool, began to germinate in Mr. Randolph's mind. This suspicion, which is the salvation of some men, is the destruction of others. The integrity of Mr. Randolph's moral discrimination began to deteriorate from that hour. Having enacted, all his life, the part of his own golden calf in the wilderness, his overthrow left him destitute of any criterion of conduct. He talked violently and volubly about his wrongs and discussed various schemes, more or less impracticable and improper, of evading his liabilities. Beatrix was, naturally, the chief sufferer from this ungainly development of her father's character, and she was also obliged to bear the brunt of most of the concrete unpleasantness of their situation. She had to talk to the creditors, to extenuate her father's side of the case, to hold out fair hopes, and to smooth over disappointments; and when she had wearied herself in parleying with the enemy, she had before her the yet harder task of pacifying and encouraging her father, who had listened to the dialogue from the head of the stairs, and fell upon her with a petty avalanche of complaints, questions, suggestions, scoldings and querulousness. Beatrix loved her father with all her heart; but she was of a penetrating and well-balanced mind, and often had difficulty in not feeling ashamed of him. Insensibly she began to treat him as a fractious and supersensitive child, who must at all costs be humored and soothed; and when she felt her own strength and patience almost overtaxed, she would only say to herself, "No wonder poor father has to give up, when I find it so hard!"

But if her encounters with the enemy were trying, those whose motive was benevolence were even harder to get on with. Among the latter were the daughters of the



innkeeper. Beatrix had never affected the society of these young ladies, who had been brought up in a public school, and who fraternized in the most engaging manner with all the young men of the village, their father's trade giving them special opportunities to cultivate a wide circle of acquaintances. Their tone of conversation alternated between the confidential whisper and the full-lung'd repartee; and their mirth was expressed, now by the rippling giggle of intimacy, and now by the strident crow of incipient familiarity. As to what they talked about, it may be surmised that had all idea of the sterner sex been eliminated from their minds, they would have been practically dumb. Altogether, Beatrix, during the period of her prosperity, had assumed in the eyes of these young ladies an attitude of proud exclusiveness; though from her own point of view she was probably in the position of feeling rather panic-stricken at the sight of them. At any rate, after the aspect of things had been altered by Mr. Randolph's calamity, the innkeeper's daughters, in order to show that they were above bearing malice, made a point of calling upon that unfortunate gentleman and Beatrix, and manifesting an appalling amount of cordiality and exuberant helpfulness. "Don't you get down in the mouth, Mr. Randolph," exclaimed Miss Sarah, with an intonation as if she were patting him on the back. "Why, father was most as down as you, five years ago, when Schneider & Co. failed, and never sent him all that liquor he'd paid 'em for! Father says he'd just as soon take you and Beatrix to board this winter, when there ain't much outside business going on, and not charge you a cent: he said he guessed you wouldn't eat much anyway; those in trouble seldom do." "You'll find it real lively, too," added Miss Gertrude, turning to Beatrix; "a lot better than sitting moping up here from one week's end to the other, strumming on that old piano of yours. We have hops three times a week, and no end of beaux." "A pretty girl like you," went on Miss Sarah generously, "will be sure to catch a husband before long. There's Mr. Starcher for one: he as good as told me he was sweet on you, not a week ago; and I guess it would be a relief

to your father to marry you off his hands, now that his pockets are empty." "All I have to say about Starcher is, if he don't mind, the minister 'll cut him out!" remarked Miss Gertrude; whereat both the young ladies laughed joyously, and manifestly believed that they were making themselves exceedingly agreeable. But civilization makes one man's meat another man's poison.

Mr. Starcher was the grocer's son; and the grocer divided with the innkeeper the highest social consideration of the village. His son was a young gentleman of highly respectable character and education. After leaving school, he had studied for a year at a business college in New York: he was a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, and a person of gravity and religious convictions. A week or two after Mr. Randolph's misfortune became known, he put on a suit of black clothes, relieved by a faded blue necktie, and called formally on Miss Randolph. After the first courtesies had been exchanged, he said that he desired, in the first place, to put the minds of Miss Randolph and her good father at ease regarding the little account between his firm and them. The money was not needed, and, so far as he was concerned, might remain unpaid indefinitely. And I should like to say, too," he continued, with a manner of almost melancholy seriousness and a husky voice, "that groceries—or anything else I could get you—might be yours, permanently, if I could—you would—that you might consent to unite your life to mine. My father contemplates retiring from active business. I have never before spoken to you of this; but in seasons of trouble—we say things—and I have often thought, when we were singing in the choir together, that—we might be very happy—that it was our destiny—I have been in New York and seen the great world, but you are the wife I would choose from among them all." He had a smooth, round, fresh-colored, innocent face, that seemed made for dimpling smiles, but which never indulged in them.

Beatrix felt a sensation of absurd alarm, like the princess in the fairy tale, under a spell of enchantment to mismatch herself in the most grotesque manner conceivable. Mr.



Starcher was so much in earnest, and so ludicrously sure, apparently, that the success of his suit was among the eternal certainties, that a vision of a long wedded life with him, amid an atmosphere of meal-tubs, salt cod, and pickles, interspersed with psalm tunes and solemn walks to and from church on Sundays; this desperate panorama of inanimate existence rose up before her in such vivid imaginative *vraisemblance*, that she was impelled to protest against it with more than adequate vehemence. She gasped for breath, rose from her chair, and said, "Mr. Starcher, it is terrible! I would rather die!" Then, perceiving, compassionately, that he would feel cruelly wounded as soon as his astonished senses enabled him to comprehend the significance of her words, she added, "It would be wicked for me ever to think of being married; you must see that I—" Here she paused, partly from emotion, and partly because she was unable, at the moment, to bethink herself of any conclusive argument in support of her assertion that, for her, marriage would ever be a crime. One certainly would not have drawn that inference from the superficial indications. A silence ensued, prickly with spiritual discomfort. Mr. Starcher was the first to find his tongue, and he carried off the honors of the encounter by observing, with tearful gentleness, that he should claim the privilege, just the same, of not presenting the little account for settlement. This magnanimity was none the less genuine because the materials for it were slender, and Beatrix, long afterward, found comfort in recalling it to mind.

But there was yet another adversary for her to engage, and he was in some respects more formidable than Mr. Starcher, because his position and education rendered his pretensions less monstrous; nay, there even seemed to be a sneaking disposition on Mr. Randolph's part to accord him at least a negative support. Mr. Vinal, the Unitarian clergyman, was, in fact, from an unworldly point of view, a tolerably inoffensive character. He was studious, decorous, and endowed with grave and unobtrusive manners. He was not handsome, but there was a certain masculine concentration in his close-set gray eyes and long narrow chin which was

not in itself displeasing. His voice, if somewhat harsh, was resonant and assured; and coming as it did from a chest apparently so incapacious, produced a sensation of agreeable surprise. It would have been unreasonable not to respect the man, and churlish not to feel amiably disposed toward him; but, for Beatrix, it was impossible to love him. He lived in a little white wooden house with green blinds, close to the white, green-blinded church; he possessed an imposing library, in which was not a single book that Beatrix could have brought herself to read, and the main object of his endeavors was, apparently, to make all the rest of the world think and live like himself. Moreover, though he approved of music, he neither knew nor cared anything about it.

Mr. Vinal began his operations by a private interview with Mr. Randolph, from which he came forth with a countenance whose serenity made Beatrix's heart sink. The dialogue which followed was of extreme interest to both of them.

"Have you made any plans regarding your immediate future?" the minister began, in an unembarrassed and business-like tone. "We cannot doubt, you know, that Providence, in bringing this affliction upon you, has had some wise and merciful end in view. You have talents; perhaps but for this you might have kept them folded in the napkin. Adversity forces us out of our natural idleness, and stimulates us to use what means we have to win our own way in the world. Have you thought of anything to do?"

Beatrix's spirits rose again; he was not thinking of marrying her, after all. "I've been thinking I might give lessons on the piano," she said. She happened to be seated at that instrument, and as she spoke she let her white fingers drift down the keyboard, from bass to treble, from depression to hope, from gloom to light, winding up with a sort of interrogative accent, as much as to say, "Why shouldn't I be good for something?"

"Very right," said Mr. Vinal; "I have nothing to object to in that; indeed, I had intended to propose it. You could, also, unless the instructions of the late Professor Dorimar were wholly valueless—"



"What?" interrupted Beatrix, in a voice which, supported as it was by a chord sharply struck, made the minister start in his chair. After a moment's pause she said, her eyes still bright with indignation, "Professor Dorimar, who is now in heaven, taught me more and better things than you have ever dreamed of! He showed me that I have a soul!"

"Surely I have done as much as that!" faltered Mr. Vinal, who was confused by this sudden outburst.

"No! for you know nothing about it," said Beatrix, loftily. "You have only been told that it is so—you have read it in books—and you repeat what you have been told, and no doubt you think you believe it. But you can never know it!" continued the young lady, with a fiery emphasis on the verb, "because you can't understand music."

"I intended nothing against Professor Dorimar," protested the minister, who was amazed and daunted by the passion and pride that he had unawares caused to kindle in her lovely face. It was, perhaps, the first time he had had occasion to observe that the spirit of the old Virginia Randolphs—the descendants of the cavaliers—was, as haughty and untamed in this tender-hearted American girl as in that terrible ancestor of hers who rode with Prince Rupert.

Beatrix made no reply, but sat with her head erect, and flushed cheeks, and one hand still on the piano keys, as if ready once more to smite terror into the soul of her visitor should he again step amiss. A piano, it seems, can be used as a weapon of defense even against one who has no comprehension of music.

"What I was about to remark was, that you might teach singing as well as playing," said Mr. Vinal, circumspectly. "There are, I believe, a number of persons in the village who would be willing, under the circumstances, to place their children under your instruction."

"It is no favor to be taught music under any circumstances," returned Beatrix, kindling again. "Whoever thinks otherwise does not deserve to learn! And there are other places in the world besides this miserable little village, and people who are wiser and better!"

"You surely do not mean to intimate that you contemplate going anywhere else?" demanded the minister, in some consternation.

The fact was that such an idea had never, until that moment, definitely presented itself to Miss Randolph's mind; but, in her present aroused condition, she could see and entertain many possibilities that would have seemed audacious or impracticable an hour before.

"Why not?" she said; "I was not born to pass my life here!"

"But I—it has never been my intention to leave here!" exclaimed Mr. Vinal, anxiously.

"What satisfies you does not satisfy me," answered the young lady.

"But your father—in a conversation I have just had with him—has informed me that he will not oppose my addressing you with a view to marriage," said the clergyman, in a solemn tone.

"He would not have done so if he had been himself," replied Beatrix warmly. "He is broken down by trouble and sorrow—else you would not have ventured to ask him! But I will tell you, since he could not, that I am not a piece of land, or furniture, to be sold for the satisfaction of creditors! I will not be a burden upon my father or any one; but I have a right to myself—to my own self! Do you think I am so much afraid of being poor, or of starving, that I would marry anybody to escape it? I do not love you! I do not love you, Mr. Vinal, and so I will never marry you. I will have love, and music—or nothing! You do not know me, sir, none of you here seem to know me. I am an American girl, and I will not be bargained away, or buried alive, by any one! You shall see," she added, rising and walking to the veranda window, "that I can make my own way, and take care of myself! You shall see that Professor Dorimar taught me something worth knowing!"

Mr. Vinal was unable to stand up against a succession of blows like this, delivered by one whom he had heretofore supposed to be the type of gentleness and docility. His mind was narrow, and slow to adapt itself to new impressions; and it would have taken him a long time to frame a suitable reply to Miss Randolph's unexpected at-



tack. But the opportunity was not allowed him.

For, as Beatrix stood by the window, with flushed cheeks and glowing eyes, and her heart beating harder than usual, with indignant emotion, her glance fell upon two figures advancing arm-in-arm up the avenue. One of them she recognized, the other was unknown. But a strange tingle of anticipation went through her nerves. Something was going to happen—something great—

something for her! The crisis of her fate was at hand; and she was more than ready for it. Therefore she did not start, or cry out, but only smiled with an air of beautiful triumph, when Hamilton Jocelyn, relinquishing the arm of his companion, ran up the steps of the veranda, took both her hands in his, and said, as he bent toward her:

"My dear girl, I bring you fame and fortune!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### IN WHAT GUISE DELIVERANCE CAME TO HER.

WHAT became of Mr. Vinal, Beatrix never ascertained; she forgot about him for several minutes, and when she looked round for him, he was gone. But her life, which for the past month or two had seemed to be dwindling away to a dreary little rivulet, had now all at once begun to leap onward in a full, rejoicing torrent. The change had, indeed, found its source in her revolt against the clammy assumptions of the clergyman: it was the fervent reaction of her nature against the chilly lethargy and oppression that had been settling upon it; and Jocelyn's unexplained announcement had only given form and confidence to the instinctive conviction that a new dispensation must be on its way to her. For the time she was satisfied to rest upon the assurance that it had come, and to inquire no further. Meanwhile, Jocelyn introduced his companion to her as "General Inigo, a gentleman interested in music;" and Mr. Randolph was extracted from his retreat, into which he had withdrawn under the impression that more duns were after him, and was likewise made a partaker of the General's acquaintance. The latter appeared in quite a different light from that in which we first encountered him. He had not only been assiduously instructed by Jocelyn as to the behavior he should put on, but the fresh country air and scenery, and the tendency which all persons who live in some measure by luck have to hope for a fortunate turn in their affairs, had combined to put him in a genial and optimistic frame of mind. As a contrast to the gloom in which they had lived of late, this sunny

mood of the General's seemed even more Paradisiacal than would have been the case at a cheerfuller time. His jokes and comicalities had an arch charm to the ears and eyes of Mr. Randolph and his daughter that would have perplexed the manufacturer of them. A feeling of security and pleasant promise diffused itself in the air, though, as yet, there was no known foundation for it. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and dinner was over, but, in consideration of the city habits of the guests, preparations were made for one of those high teas which combine the best features of all meals. In the meantime the old ex-Virginian rummaged out a bottle of claret (which the General secretly wished had been whisky), and proceeded to dispense it with something of the courtly air that had belonged to him before misfortune and misanthropy had marked him for their own. But his hospitality was tempered by a haunting suspense. What was the General, and what did he intend? Evidently he must have had a purpose of no ordinary urgency, to bring him all the way from New York city hither. His smiling bearing forbade the supposition that the purpose could be a hostile one; but why, and in what way, should it be friendly? It was only by an heroic effort that Mr. Randolph subdued the evidence of his curiosity, and perhaps did not succeed in disguising it so completely but that his guests could amuse themselves by detecting it.

At length, when the bottle was nearing its last glass, Jocelyn turned to the young hostess with his most fascinating manner and said,



"My dear Beatrix, I wonder whether your piano is in tune? The General and I are pining for some music. The fall season hasn't begun yet, you know, and positively I don't believe either he or I have heard any singing worthy of the name for four months—eh, General?"

"Four months! I should think not, by Jupiter!" returned the General, rubbing his nose pleasantly. "One doesn't hear good singing as often as that, my dear boy. I'll just tell you," he continued, turning to Beatrix, "a thing my dear old friend Dorimar said to me once—"

"Was Professor Dorimar a friend of yours?" exclaimed Beatrix, with sunshine streaming from her eyes.

"Well, I guess it was a good while before you was born that I knew him first," said the General gallantly; "and there was nobody had much to say about music after him!"

"Oh, I'll sing for you as much as you wish!" rejoined the young lady, all alive with generous pleasure. "Thinking of Professor Dorimar always makes me feel as if I could do anything." She led the way, as she spoke, to the inner sitting-room, the scene of her late battle with Mr. Vinal. The gentlemen followed and Jocelyn took the opportunity to murmur to Inigo, "What do you think of her?"

"If she could sing as she looks," responded that personage, "I'd never bother my head again about the Russian. The funny thing is, this gal looks a little as the Russian would like to, if she could. But the beauties can't do anything but look beautiful, as a rule. Well, we'll see. I might like to have her for opera bouffe, anyhow."

"Were you on the Southern side during the war, General?" inquired Mr. Randolph, as they sat down.

"Humph! my commission was an English one," the General replied, with military presence of mind. "Hadh't the luck to see your country till after the racket was over." Here he endeavored to catch Jocelyn's eye, in order to relieve his own feelings by a wink; but at that moment Beatrix's fingers touched the keys, and thenceforward nothing was possible but to listen.

It need not be asked what she sang on this

momentous occasion. Her method and quality would have been apparent in almost any selection. But the phases of emotion through which she had recently passed were surging toward that expression which only music can afford, and, with deep-drawn breath and exultant heart, she launched into a passage from one of those grand works of the last century which all the intellectual brilliance and pictorial complexity of the modern gospel of music cannot supplant nor outweigh. As the mighty strains won control of the listeners' senses, all things seemed to undergo a noble transformation. There was a feeling of enlargement and exaltation; what was trifling and ignoble faded out of sight, or was absorbed into the prevailing harmony of ordered beauty. Passion gained majesty from restraint; sorrow throbbed with the delight of joy, and joy assumed the dignity of sorrow. The mystic unity of art which grasps the elements of things, and gives them speech and meaning—the utterance of the divine reason, which transcends the bondage of words—the language that belongs to no man, but to mankind—this magic and mystery of song, flowing forth in its grandeur and enchantment from a simple girl's throat, cast over all a spell of wonder and delight, and, but for the profound warrant of its beauty, would have seemed miraculous. The room in which the auditors sat appeared to assume finer proportions; the very chairs and tables were endowed with elegance, and the persons themselves were conscious of a certain stateliness in their attitudes and movements, and of being uplifted to a higher sphere of thought and feeling than was native to them. And the singer was transfigured; for the music which touched the others as it were from without, was made the very form and fibre of her soul. It magnified and strengthened her; it annulled the merely individual and accidental limitations of her being, and brought her into that large, impersonal state which marks the artist in seasons of inspiration. So was it with the pythoness of old, who, in such measure as her private personality was subdued and obliterated by the god, took on the god's own superhuman guise of majesty. Beatrix, when she sang, rose above Beatrix, and became the fearless



and self-unconscious instrument of her art's expression. Whatever reverence and dignity belonged to music, belonged, in such moments, to the musician; and she bestowed the faculty of reverence upon those who were before incapable of it.

The General had at first put on a strictly critical air, as of one to whom pleasure and social amenities are one thing, and very well in their place; but business, quite another. After two or three minutes, however, he had forgotten all about everything, except the rise and fall, the swell and resonance, the airy gambolings and the strong melodious poise and movement of this matchless voice. There is a point in the enjoyment of art where we cease to draw comparisons, and only feel that we are following the artist's charmed footsteps into hitherto unexplored regions of beauty and fascination. Our burden of responsibility falls from our shoulders, because we are conscious that what we now see or hear is better than anything we have heretofore known. This recognition of true mastery, wherever and whenever met with, is among the surest signs of knowledge and experience. A fool will find fault with Raphael, and chat through a symphony by Beethoven. General Inigo was not a fool. He was a vulgar Jew, of uncertain nationality, whose past history and private life would not bear examination; but he knew what music and musical genius are, and he could estimate accurately the rarity and value of the discovery which Jocelyn had led him to make. Accidents aside, this unknown and unsuspecting girl would be one of the great *prime donne* of the world. It was not a matter of opinion, but of certainty. Indeed, the General flattered himself that no one besides himself and Dorimar would be able to understand how great she really was. As he sat there and listened to her, with his fat hands folded on his waistcoat, his stumpy little feet crossed one over the other, and his big head wagging and swaying in involuntary accord with the splendid diapason of sound, he was happier than he had ever been in his life. Not only was his reputation saved, his outlay secured, and his revenge on the Russian made certain, but his name would go down to posterity as that of the man who had brought before the world

the brightest operatic star of the age. "I'll do the handsome thing by her—I will, by Jupiter!" thought the General to himself. "There are cases in which generosity pays fifty per cent., and here's one of 'em."

Beatrix sang for the better part of an hour, and might have gone on indefinitely, so far as either she or her auditors were concerned; for a truly noble voice, rightly trained and managed, is as tireless and untiring as it is beautiful. But mortal existence is full of petty lets and hindrances; and Beatrix, being for the present a hostess as well as Prima Donna Assoluta, was obliged to go and see about the supper. When the gentlemen were alone, the General pulled down his waistcoat, sat up in his chair, and, after regarding Jocelyn for a few moments between half-closed eyelids, nodded his head several times slowly.

"I see you are fond of music, General," said Mr. Randolph, discerningly.

"Well, music and I are under some obligations to each other," was the General's reply. "Now, just tell me—has that young lady ever sung in public?"

"My daughter ever sing in public!" exclaimed the young lady's father, with the air of a prince of the blood. "We are not that sort of people, sir!"

"Come, now, Randolph, this is between friends, you know," said Jocelyn, smiling as one who is superior to prejudice. "Great gifts like hers—deuce take it, you've no right to hide 'em! We're not living in the feudal ages; what's the good of a girl's being talented, if nobody's to know anything about it? Besides, talent means money nowadays; and your daughter's voice is a fortune, if it's rightly managed—don't you agree with me, General?"

"Well, a great deal depends on the management," returned that gentleman, squeezing his large nose between his thumb and forefinger. "But with good management—yes—she could make money; as much as she wants."

"I should say she could—as much as she wants, or as much as you want either, Randolph, if these stories I hear about your embarrassments have any truth in 'em."

"I scarcely understand—perhaps you will explain yourself more fully," said Randolph,



looking from one to the other in a manner that betrayed agitation.

"I see, you don't know who Inigo is," observed Jocelyn suavely. "You've made such a hermit of yourself up here, of late years, you've dropped out of the running. Why, Inigo, my dear man—simple as you see him sit there—is the foremost impresario and musical manager of the age. He has heard a report of our Beatrix's powers, and—well, go ahead, Inigo; put it in your own way."

"I'll just tell you what it is, Mr. Randolph," said the impresario, assuming the reins of the conversation with a wave of the hand. "A few words is best, when it's about business. I come up here to find out if your daughter could sing as good as Jocelyn, here, says she could. Well, she's got a fine organ, and she knows what to do with it—no mistake about that! Well, I've got an opening, and I'll take her in, and I'll pay her first prices—that's what I'll do. She goes right on, in opera, under me, and she makes her fortune, that's all about it! I'm a square man, by Jupiter, and I don't make no fuss about terms; when I buy a good article, I pay good money for it. When I say I'll make her a boom, I'll do it. When Moses Inigo says he'll do the management, the young lady's all right—if she was as homely as a cow and sang like a bull; and if she gets a fool to manage her, or manages herself (it's about the same thing), she might sing like an angel and look like Venus, and not make fifty dollars a week, and don't you forget it!"

"I am not accustomed—I need hardly say," observed Randolph, with an appealing glance at Jocelyn, and endeavoring to appear calm and indifferent, "to consider or discuss such matters. I have always lived—as my forefathers have before me—upon my private resources, without reference to trade of any sort. However, gentlemen, I must admit that fortune has played me a very scurvy trick, through no fault of my own; and I suppose that what you say is true—the good old days are passing away, and each one of us has to fight for his own hand. At the same time, it could only be with the greatest reluctance, and under pressure of the severest necessity, that I could permit a daughter of mine—"

"To be sure—of course—that's understood!" put in Jocelyn, comfortably. "But you'll be surprised to find how little annoyance there is about it; especially since, in your case, it very fortunately happens that we shall be able to put Beatrix upon the stage without anyone's being aware who she is. She will be *incognita* from first to last."

"Ah! that changes the aspect of the matter materially," said Randolph, looking at the impresario. "But it occurs to me that—"

The entrance of Beatrix herself at this juncture prevented the thing which had occurred to her father from becoming known. She announced that supper was ready. The gentlemen rose, and Jocelyn, approaching her, took her hand and put it under his arm, murmuring confidently in her ear, "How would our little Beatrix like to pay all her father's debts, and set up the family on its legs again?"

Beatrix gazed round at him with searching eyes and questioning lips. The unruly part of her excitement had been composed by her singing; but the exalted mood remained, so that she was ready to expect anything that was not commonplace. She could not have told what Jocelyn meant, and yet she seemed to herself to anticipate what he was going to say. Good news was in the air. However, for the moment, nothing more was said. Her father was behind, with the General, and they were speaking in an undertone. Her heart beat high, and her step was light. As they came to the supper-table, and Jocelyn pressed her hand, she gave him a smile which, had he been worthy of it, would have knighted him on the spot. She was young, and knew nothing worse than her own pure self, and she was ready to give gratitude without waiting to know for what her gratitude was due. Experience of the world is apt to correct this impulse.

The conversation at table wandered at first over miscellaneous topics; for Mr. Randolph was somewhat at a loss how to present the all-important subject to his daughter; Jocelyn was busy thinking over his own part in the little comedy, and the impresario, besides finding much to occupy his attention in the viands, was now wholly at ease



in his own mind and dreamed of no difficulties. He had interpreted Mr. Randolph's scruples as merely a bid for good payment, to which he had responded in his usual whole-souled style; as to the young lady, of course she would follow her father's lead. Of the three, it was Jocelyn who spoke first.

"I don't see why we should keep this dear child any longer in ignorance of the plot we have hatched against her," he said, addressing the others, but keeping his eyes caressingly on Beatrix. "My dear girl, I said I brought you fame and fortune; but, in fact, I only brought you the opportunity to win them for yourself. You have a glorious future before you. This gentleman is the owner and manager of the new opera-house in the city. All your favorite operas will be produced there this season, splendidly set and cast, and you, my dear Beatrix, are to sing the leading music."

Beatrix grew pale, and turned her face toward her father. "Oh, papa, can I?" she said in a low voice.

"It is painful, of course, to contemplate such a thing," Mr. Randolph replied, looking down in his plate with an uneasy, evasive air; "but we are poor folks now, you know, and we must do the best we can. We can only hope, my dear, that the necessity will not—"

"Oh, but it is not that!" exclaimed the girl, interrupting him, and tremulous with excitement; "but to sing, papa—to sing in real opera, before a real audience! It is the best thing in the world! But can I do it, do you think? Am I able? Would Professor Dorimar have wished it? I would rather—" she was going to say, marry Mr. Vinal, but changed it to "I would rather do anything than disgrace Professor Dorimar."

"You just leave all that to me, young lady," said the impresario, nodding good-naturedly. "I take the risks! You'll not disgrace Dorimar, nor nobody else. You're as good as the best of 'em, though it's money out of my pocket to tell you so! You'll need some drilling about the stage business—of course, that—but don't you worry, I'll fix it all right! You've got a month or six weeks' rehearsals, and you'll catch on as quick as most gals, I guess."

Thus far the glory and delight of the

merely musical aspect of the adventure had so dazzled Beatrix's eyes that she had thought of nothing else; but now a new idea entered her head.

"Am I to be paid for doing this?" she asked, glancing from her father to Jocelyn. "Of course, I mean by and by—if I succeed. Is that what you meant when you talked about my winning fortune? But I would rather not make money in that way—I would rather make it in some other way than by singing, because . . . But I couldn't make it in any other way, I suppose," she added, faltering a little. "Singing is all I can do! And, after all, it would be good if my singing would help pay our debts—that would not be unworthy even of music, would it, papa? I wouldn't take money to get rich, but I would to prevent your being troubled any more by . . . Oh, papa, can it be true? I'm sure you are very kind, General Inigo; and thank you for telling him of me, Mr. Jocelyn."

This speech, a broken medley of musical tones, smiles, wet eyelashes, pauses of reflection, and eager utterance, completed the General's captivation. He thumped his fat fist down on the table-cloth and exclaimed: "By Jupiter, gentlemen, I move we drink the health of the new Prima Donna—"

"And christen her at the same time," put in Jocelyn, quickly. "You haven't heard your new stage name, Beatrix. Henceforward you are to be known to the world, not as Beatrix Randolph, but as—what is it, General?"

"Mademoiselle Marana," said Inigo. "Here's Mademoiselle Marana's health, boys! May she stand at the top of the profession, and sing pearls and diamonds, like the gal in the fairy tale! Down she goes!"

"Up she goes! you mean," said Jocelyn, laughing. "Well, mademoiselle, how do you like your new name?"

"It's very pretty," answered she; "but how did I get it?"

"If you or your father had been in New York lately, you wouldn't need to ask. The name of Mademoiselle Marana, the great prima donna from St. Petersburg and Moscow, is placarded all over town. All the world is agog to see and hear her. The



new opera-house was built expressly for her."

"But how—"

"I'm going to tell you. There's another lady, somewhere, who sings under that name, and whom Inigo had invited to sing here. But she refused to keep her word at the last moment; and since the public must have some new divinity to worship, and since I know that it would be painful to your father to have you appear under your own name, I advised Inigo to put you in her place. That's the whole story."

Beatrix's clear eyes grew troubled. "It doesn't seem right to pretend to be another person—it would be deceiving people," she said.

"Nobody goes on the stage under their own name," replied Jocelyn. "To go on the stage is to change your identity, and become some one else. Nobody's deceived, because nobody expects anything else."

But Beatrix at once detected the flaw in this argument. "Why should I be called Marana?" she demanded. "Why not give me some other name, that nobody has?"

"It seems to me that that might be preferable," observed Mr. Randolph.

"My dear Randolph, it's merely a business question," said Jocelyn, not sorry to make the explanation to him instead of to his daughter. "We call her Marana simply because Marana is the name in people's mouths at this moment. To give her another name would be to create all sorts of doubt and confusion, in the course of which the dear child's identity would be certain to be discovered. Nobody here knows Marana by sight or sound, so, even if Beatrix were inferior as a singer, they would be defrauded of nothing. But the fact is—as Inigo, who has heard the lady will confirm me in saying—Beatrix can sing every bit as well as Marana, and rather better; so we are giving the public even more than they bargained for. It's a pure formality; but some forms are of the first importance practically. To bring her out under any other name than Marana would be a great injustice to our friend the General, who has, so to speak, made out all his invoices and labeled all his goods under that title; and it would be quite as great an

injustice to Beatrix herself, who, instead of at once receiving the salary that her genius deserves, would have to fight an uphill battle through stupidity and prejudice, and, taking all accidents into consideration, might not win through at all."

"It may be foolish, but I can't help not liking it," said Beatrix, feeling unhappy. "But you know best, papa, and I'll do what you say."

"I believe the amount of the salary has not been mentioned," said Mr. Randolph, turning to the impresario.

The latter was about to reply, when Jocelyn swiftly took up the word. "She will be paid three thousand dollars a night," said he, "and there will be from three to four performances a week."

Mr. Randolph grew very red, and could not suppress a start. His most sanguine expectations had not exceeded a tenth of this sum. From nine to twelve thousand dollars a week!—it was scarcely credible; it was magnificent; it was a fortune once a month! Meanwhile Beatrix sat almost indifferent, much to Inigo's admiration; but the truth was, the girl knew nothing of the value of money, and was, moreover, personally much less concerned about the rewards of the enterprise than about the enterprise itself. She certainly never imagined that her father's discrimination between right and wrong could be influenced by such considerations.

After a pause to recover his composure, Mr. Randolph cleared his throat and said, "I only asked for information; I know little about these matters, but I presume the sum you name would be considered fair remuneration. As to the morality of the matter," he added, breaking into his shrill laugh, "I agree with you, Jocelyn, that the question is more one of form than anything else; and it would be an ungracious return for General Inigo's courtesy to subject him to the embarrassment you indicate. I think you may call yourself *Mademoiselle Marana* with a clear conscience, my dear."

Beatrix sighed, and faintly smiled. The worst that can be said of her at this moment is, that she did not know whether she were glad or sorry.



## CHAPTER V.

## WHAT WAS GOING ON ELSEWHERE.

Jocelyn and the impresario stayed overnight at the Randolphs', and completed the details of the agreement for Mademoiselle Marana's appearance. She was to come to the city in a few days, take up her abode at a hotel, and begin rehearsals immediately. Before leaving, Inigo handed Mr. Randolph a cheque for three thousand dollars, as advance salary, to enable him to make the necessary arrangements; and the two gentlemen took their departure with many professions of good-will on both sides.

Late in the afternoon, a tall, rather stern-looking young man, with grave blue eyes under thick level brows, and a short, dense, brown beard covering the lower part of his face, walked into General Inigo's office, and was informed that the General was expected every minute. He seated himself at a table, undid the roll of paper that he carried, and proceeded to busy himself in making calculations and sketches.

This young man, whose name was Geoffrey Bellingham, was a New Englander, whose family had lived for many generations in an ancient town not very far from Boston. The town in question had formerly possessed no small importance in a maritime sense, and the Bellinghams had been for a long period identified with its prosperity. One of the long rambling streets that skirted the sea-front still bore their name, and so did a half-ruined wharf, stretching out into the harbor, and now used as a landing-place for stray fishing-smacks, though, in the last century, it had received the cargoes of many a stately ship from the East Indies and the Spanish main. The Bellinghams of that epoch had been prominent and successful traders; and their family mansion, which was still standing till within fifty years ago, with deep-browed dormer windows and an overhanging upper-story, was among the most imposing edifices in the place. The first immigrant and his descendants were Puritans of the strictest type, and were active in the wars against the Indians, and in the persecution of witches and Quakers.

Afterward, representatives of the family served with distinction in the war of the Revolution, chiefly by sea; and the prizes which they captured still further enriched them. From the early part of the present century, however, their prosperity began to recede, along with that of the town with which they were so closely allied. Large families of children divided and dissipated the property; many of them moved to other parts of the country; those who remained, proudly mindful of their past grandeur, and unwilling to descend to a lower level in search of new ways to fortune, gradually faded out of sight or existence, retaining to the end the old traits of character, rendered harsher and gloomier by their more restricted circumstances. At length, about thirty years ago, Geoffrey Bellingham was born. He was a child of unusual intelligence, and with a strong appetite both for reading and adventure; by the time he was seven years old he had made himself acquainted with the contents of all the books in his father's home, and was proficient in studies generally reserved for children three or four years his seniors. But the monotonous and lifeless existence of the sluggish old town vexed and wearied him; he wished he had come into the world a hundred years earlier, when men went forth to battle, and to sail the seas, and the days were full of novelty, activity and excitement. His heart stirred within him to bear a hand in the work and movement of the world, and such echoes as reached him of what was going on in other places and lands, kept alive this longing and developed it. He met with no sympathy, however, from his own family circle, and at length ceased to make them confidants of his desires and projects; yet this discouragement to the utterance of his thoughts led him to cherish them not less but more ardently. Finally, in his twelfth year, he ran away to sea, taking passage on board a Boston vessel bound for the Pacific. He was absent three years, and what were his adventures during this period was never exactly known. He



had circumnavigated the globe, at all events, and had seen people of all kinds and colors; he had encountered many hardships, met with some good luck, and had learned something from whatsoever befell. He had spent a few months in Australia, and got some gold there; and he came home first mate on board an English blockade-runner from Liverpool. It was in the midst of our Civil War; the blockade-runner was captured and Bellingham was taken prisoner. On his announcing his readiness to take service under the Federal flag, however, he was allowed to join the crew of a government war-vessel; he had the good luck to see a great deal of fighting, and was promoted for gallantry and general efficiency. Before the year was out he met a Confederate bullet, which put an end to his participation in the war, and very nearly severed his connection with all human affairs. Nevertheless, he recovered, and made his way to the North, with a thousand dollars in his pocket. On reaching his native place, he found his father and mother both dead, and his sister (the only child besides himself) married. He was at this time about seventeen years old, but as tall and robust (barring the temporary effects of his wound) as a much older man; with a premature gravity and dignity of demeanor, and a strong, penetrating and resolute mind. After remaining quiet for a month or two, to recuperate his physical powers and to think over his position, he determined to be an architect. He set to work at once, with his usual energy and persistence; and after having familiarized himself with the rudiments of the profession, at the best scientific school in the country, he entered an architect's office in New York, and worked there from twelve to fifteen hours a day for seven years. Unremitting application such as this, rendered physically possible as it was by an invincible constitution, and turned to the best advantage by a powerful and comprehensive intellect, could not fail to have its effect.

When Bellingham, at the end of his apprenticeship period, set up in business on his own account, there were few men in the country who possessed a broader and sounder knowledge of architecture than this young man of twenty-three, or who had so much

taste and originality in matters of design. The remainder of his professional history, being mainly a record of well-deserved and increasing success, has little interest. At the epoch of his entrance into this story, he had had a hand in many of the best buildings of our large cities, both private and public; and incidentally he had been brought in contact with a great number of people whom it might be deemed socially expedient to know. But Bellingham scarcely seemed to have the ordinary social instinct. His manners were abrupt and reserved, and he had a very disconcerting glance for those who seemed disposed to attempt to be familiar with him. The few persons with whom he associated on anything like intimate terms were chiefly artists and literary Bohemians; but he was very popular among his workmen, toward whom his bearing was kindly and even affable, though he held them strictly under control. He seemed to have a temperamental antipathy against aristocratical or exclusive pretensions of any kind, though in a certain sense no one was more exclusive and aristocratic than he. His humility was very proud humility, indeed. He liked to tell himself that he was simply a man like other men, and that he would neither claim superiority nor suffer it; but that was only to remove the superiority that actually belonged to him from one place and to put it in another; to deny it in the outer region of circumstances and accessories, and to recognize it (however tacitly) in the interior region of intellect and character. The type is no uncommon one, as the critics say; and it is perhaps a pity, nowadays, that it is not a great deal commoner. Though repellent in several ways, it has some qualities of almost infinite redemption. It includes everything that we call masculine. Its exemplars are often deficient in humor; but they have a sternness and simplicity that are to the other parts of human nature what sea-salt is to water. They are often unjust, but they are never complaisant. They may be bitter, but they are never sweet; or hard, but never soft. And yet there is another side to them—but only very few—perhaps only one—ever comes to know it. Enough of generalizations.



Geoffrey Bellingham had not the air of being susceptible to feminine charms. His manner, when he was brought in contact with the gentler sex, underwent no gentle and illuminating change. The elements of his nature seemed averse from harmonizing with those of women. When he happened to speak with a woman, he would express himself in his usual curt, laconic way, keeping his eyes fixed upon her face the while, with a sort of unsympathetic inquisition. The impression conveyed was, that he considered women insufficient and untrustworthy. On the other hand, he never railed against them, as self-conscious misogynists do; his indifference seemed not to be the result of an exhaustive or mortifying experience of them in the past; it was scientific or temperamental rather. He recognized their functional uses to the race and to society, but did not care to be personally concerned with them more than was necessary. A very ordinary female—a country farmer's wife, or a girl in the city street—was apparently less irksome company for him than a lady endowed with the beauty and cultivated grace of good-breeding. This may have been because refined society (which really exists only in the presence of ladies—men by themselves are all barbarians), embarrassed him—that he did not know how to make himself agreeable. At all events, he preferred—if practice be any indication of preference—the society of men—men of a rough and unconventional sort. He never was coarse or vulgar himself, but these qualities seemed to please him in others; he loved the rank, unrestrained expression of human nature. He was rigorously cleanly in his personal habits, but his dress was plain and careless. Seen from behind, you would have taken him for a master-workman; but when he faced you, you would have reconsidered your conclusion.

But his professional reputation was so high and so well attested, that his social disqualifications did not injure his success; and when General Inigo conceived the idea of a grand new opera-house, Bellingham was among those to whom he applied for a plan and an estimate, and it was Bellingham who got the contract. The result was a building which many judges considered to be

second to none of its kind in the world. It was beautiful, it was luxurious, it was acoustically a marvel, it was fireproof. Incidentally, a number of artists achieved renown and made money by the decorations which they executed, under Bellingham's supervision, for its inner and outer walls. New York boasted of it, the papers contained descriptions of it, and the illustrated journals published pictures of it, and endeavored, but unsuccessfully, to obtain a portrait of the architect. But, as a compensation, there was engraved a dignified and imposing representation of General Inigo, and a record of his brilliant and typically American career. As has been already intimated, moreover, the air was full of rumors and conjectures as to the great Marana; how she compared with the queens of song already known to Western audiences; who she was; what she was; how much money she was likely to carry away with her; whether she would be received into New York society. Everybody asked these questions, and nobody seemed able to answer them, unless it were the General, who mostly contented himself with the assertion that she was the best, the most beautiful, the most expensive, and the most eccentric prima donna who had ever trod the American operatic stage. She was something altogether unique and unprecedented—so very superior that, hitherto, she had condescended to appear only before emperors and kings; but, the General would add, with a wise wink at his questioner, the lady thought it no derogation of her dignity, but rather the contrary, to sing to an audience each one of whom was an independent continental sovereign, at from two fifty to twenty-five dollars a head.

Bellingham had been waiting in the General's office fifteen minutes when the latter appeared, with Jocelyn on his arm, both in the best of spirits. The architect did not rise from his chair or make any other response than a preoccupied nod to the expansive greetings of the gentleman. "If you have your wits about you," he said to Inigo, "look at this plan and tell me your idea about it."

"What's it all about, anyhow?" returned the impresario, removing his cigar from his mouth and pulling himself together. "Stage



entrance! What's the use botherin' with that? Just make it so as they can get in and out, and the gals can see their fellows—"

"No, sir," interposed Bellingham, quietly. "I want to stop that."

"Stop what, in the name o' gracious?"

"Fellows hanging round the stage-door for the girls to come out. I don't like it; and I mean to give the girls a chance to get off free if they choose."

"Your saving clause will cover ninety-nine cases in a hundred, I fancy," remarked Jocelyn, with a laugh.

"What has that got to do with it?" demanded Bellingham, looking at him; "and what have you to do with it, either?"

"Oh, I was merely startled to see you turning missionary," replied the other, moving away.

Bellingham paid no further notice to him.

"By connecting the window above the lower door, by means of an iron bridge of fifteen feet span, with the corridor in the building on the opposite side of the alley,"

he said, referring to his drawing, "you give additional means of exit either by the street door of that building, or by the upper passage leading to the elevated railway station. Well?"

"What'll it cost?" inquired Inigo.

"Not more than eight hundred, or I'll pay the difference."

"It's all darn nonsense; but I'll do it, to oblige you," said Inigo.

"That way, if you like," said Bellingham, folding up his plan. "Good-day."

"Odd fish, that fellow," observed Jocelyn, when the architect had gone out.

"I just tell you what," said Inigo, "if that odd fish was an impresario the divas wouldn't go back on him—not much!"

"Why wouldn't they?"

"Oh, maybe they wouldn't dare; but they wouldn't, anyhow."

"What do you know about it?"

"I know a man when I see him," returned the other, wagging his head, "and so do they!"

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

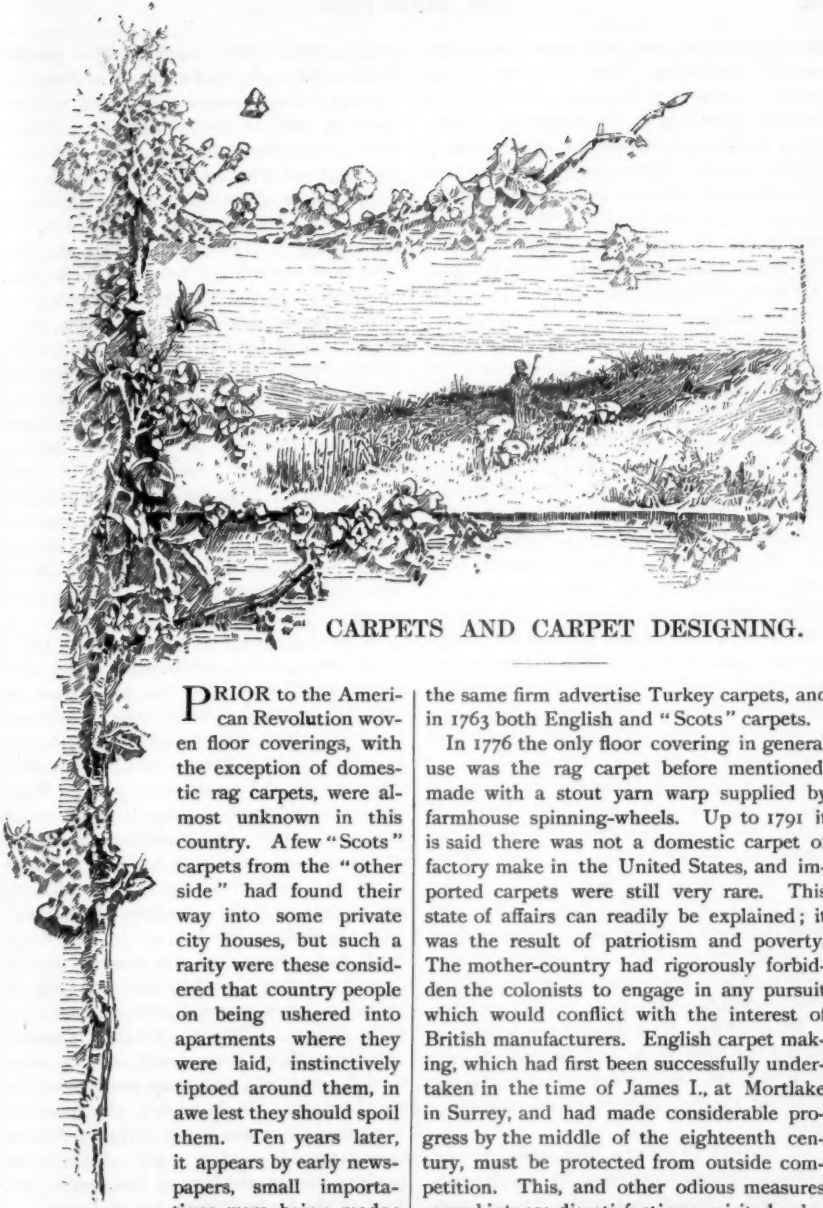
(To be continued.)

## FROM WOOD AND FIELD.

Rare odors float through wood and field,  
And to the dawn their fragrance yield:  
Borne from the woodbine's waxen cells,  
The honeysuckle's soundless bells;  
The intricate foliage of the vines  
Where morning's earliest dew-drop shines;  
The moisture lingering o'er the thorn,  
The ribbons of the ripening corn;  
The wheat where wanton shadows play,  
The healthful incense of the hay;  
The aromatic pines that spill  
Their resinous perfumes o'er the hill;  
The feathery ferns by lake and ledge,  
The wild wet grass, the silvery sedge;  
The light leaves half inclined to press  
Their bitter bark in tenderness;  
The green boughs, as they softly brush  
The breasts of mocking-bird and thrush;  
The honey of the wild bees' home,  
Shrined in the cloister of the comb . . .  
All these the heart of Nature holds,  
And to the morning wind unfolds.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.





## CARPETS AND CARPET DESIGNING.

PRIOR to the American Revolution woven floor coverings, with the exception of domestic rag carpets, were almost unknown in this country. A few "Scots" carpets from the "other side" had found their way into some private city houses, but such a rarity were these considered that country people on being ushered into apartments where they were laid, instinctively tiptoed around them, in awe lest they should spoil them. Ten years later, it appears by early newspapers, small importations were being made:

J. Alexander & Co. advertise in Parker's *New York Gazette*, of June 30, 1760, that they will sell, among other goods at their store in Smith street, some "Scots" carpets. In 1761

the same firm advertise Turkey carpets, and in 1763 both English and "Scots" carpets.

In 1776 the only floor covering in general use was the rag carpet before mentioned, made with a stout yarn warp supplied by farmhouse spinning-wheels. Up to 1791 it is said there was not a domestic carpet of factory make in the United States, and imported carpets were still very rare. This state of affairs can readily be explained; it was the result of patriotism and poverty. The mother-country had rigorously forbidden the colonists to engage in any pursuit which would conflict with the interest of British manufacturers. English carpet making, which had first been successfully undertaken in the time of James I., at Mortlake in Surrey, and had made considerable progress by the middle of the eighteenth century, must be protected from outside competition. This, and other odious measures caused intense dissatisfaction; spirited colonists resolved to wear and to use only products of their own looms, and, where domestic carpets were unattainable, to live on sanded floors. Then ensued the long war of



the Revolution, and the consequent commercial depression. The majority of the people, possessed of but little wealth before the war, were now in no condition of temper or purse to encourage the importation of English goods. Before the close of the year 1791, it is said, the *first* factory carpet in the United States was made by William Peter Sprague, at his new carpet works in Philadelphia. To-day, the annual product of that city alone, if laid in line, would almost girdle the globe!

The carpet in question, a hand-made, finger-tufted fabric, had a design symbolic of national achievements, and was intended for the Senate Chamber. Attracting the attention of Alexander Hamilton, it induced him, in his report on finance for that year, to allude to the new home industry, and recommend, as an encouraging measure, the imposition of a small duty on the foreign article. The beginning of the nineteenth century found our people, especially those of Dutch descent, still simple in their tastes, and partial to rag carpets and sanded floors, though many provident housekeepers had attained to "Kidderminster" squares, which they kept for Sunday use, laying them down on Saturday night and rolling them up in linen covers on Monday morning.

There were not wanting at this period instances of domestic enterprise, some of which are worth recording in a sketch of American carpet industry. Amy Allen Bloodgood, born in Otsego County, fourteen miles from Burlington, carded and spun the wool from her father's sheep, dyed it, and wove on her own loom a striped woolen carpet, which was the wonder of the whole country. Mrs. Bloodgood, a relative of Ethan Allen, of revolutionary fame, now resides in New York, and though of very advanced age, still weaves and spins, having kept her ancient tape-loom and spinning-wheel.

Dr. Lyman Beecher's wife when young, it is said, being ambitious to have a fine parlor carpet, ventured into a new line of manufacture that showed considerable enterprise. Procuring a bale of cotton, she spun and wove it into a heavy cloth, which she sized and afterward painted with large bunches of roses in oil-colors, finishing the

carpet, when sewed together, by a painted floral border. A third example of domestic ingenuity was a variegated carpet of wool made by Mrs. Lemuel Sherman, of Brookfield, Conn., about the year 1828. This carpet, relates a lady who had seen it, showed all the colors of the rainbow, and the neighbors came from near and far to see it. In the dyeing of the yarns, which she had spun from the wool of her own flocks, Mrs. Sherman displayed her inventive powers to a remarkable degree; winding the yarns on sections of cornstalks and corncobs, she would dip, say the underside, into the hot home-made dye of one color, and then allow it to dry thoroughly; then dip the other side into a dye of a different color, and set the two, the result being a bobbin of part-colored yarn. It is difficult to understand how this was accomplished with such a measure of success as described, but in truth, it prefigured, as it were, the drum-printed Tapestry-Brussels yarns of the present day.

Returning to factory-made carpets, there soon sprung up in Philadelphia and elsewhere, small works for the production of two-plys, or, as they were called, "Kidderminsters," three-ply ingrains and Venetian carpets. In 1804 Peter and Ebenezer Stowell commenced weaving carpets at Worcester, their factory having as many as six looms of their own invention and construction in operation at once. In 1810, or about that period, George M. Conradt, who emigrated from the Kingdom of Würtemberg, settled in Frederick City, in Maryland, and commenced the manufacture of ingrains, using the old-fashioned "barrel loom," which required a separate barrel for each pattern. This contrivance studded with pins, by rotation acted on the warp threads, and was afterward superseded by the Jacquard. Philadelphia, the pioneer, continued to retain her supremacy, having manufactured in 1810, 7,501 of the 9,984 yards of carpet which were the entire product of the United States for that year.

In 1800 Jacquard invented the simple yet wonderful machine which has always borne his name, its first application being to the manufacture of figured goods. A few years later it is claimed that Thomas



Morton, a Scotchman, living in Connecticut, applied it with considerable success to weaving ingrain, producing by its aid, figures that matched so well as to cause it to be brought into general notice. In the course of a few years a number of factories were started. But it was not until later that the great invention was brought to its present perfect adaptation to weaving carpets.

In 1825 a carpet works was in full operation at Medway, Mass., which later merged into a company now second to none in the world, of which we give a sketch. In the year 1828 a charter was granted by the Legislature of Massachusetts, under which the Lowell Manufacturing Company was organized.

A meeting of the proprietors of the carpet establishment at Medway, Mass., was held in Boston at the residence of Mr. P. T. Jackson, on the evening of February 22, 1828, for the purpose of organization. Arrangements were made in March, with the firm of Whitney, Cabot & Co., to erect suitable buildings, purchase machinery, and engage employes, all of which was done as rapidly as possible. It was here that the Jacquard attachment underwent considerable improvement as an aid to carpet weaving. Mr. Glendel Wilson, an intelligent employe of the company, devoting much study to the machine, finally succeeded in simplifying its construction and improving its workings.

Important as this improvement undoubtedly was, the Lowell Company was destined to aid in a more brilliant achievement—the adaptation of the power-loom to ingrain weaving. The attempt had been made repeatedly in England, and, owing to its extreme difficulty, entirely abandoned. In 1839 two-ply ingrain were being woven at Lowell, by hand-loom, at the rate of eight yards per day. About this time Erastus Brigham Bigelow, a young but already successful inventor and well-known machinist, turned his attention to carpet weaving, and was trying, with small success, to interest carpet manufacturers and obtain the pecuniary aid necessary for his experiments in weaving ingrain by power. Fortunately for Mr. Bigelow and for themselves, the

Lowell Company had an intelligent and far-seeing officer in the person of their treasurer, Mr. G. W. Lyman, and an equally intelligent assistant in a Mr. Wright. Mr. Lyman was the first to recognize the probable value of such an acquisition, says the *Carpet Trade Review*, and aided by the advice of Mr. Wright he made the bold move of adopting the power-loom.

Mr. Wright, himself a thorough mechanic, greatly aided young Bigelow in the difficult details of adapting steam power to the weaving of ingrain. The object sought for was a loom that could make rapidly a carpet of smooth, even surface, good regular selvedge and figures that would match perfectly. In weaving by hand the weaver can only approximate to regularity of figures and excellence of fabric by the closest attention to his work and the exercise of superior skill and judgment. Mr. Bigelow, in his first loom regulated the delivery of the warps, thereby throwing the irregularities into the thickness, where it cannot be noticed, instead of into the length, where it would destroy the matching of the figures. This did not remedy, but only prevented the further extension of the evil, which, with other difficulties, was overcome later by further improvements, till the loom was brought to average from 25 to 27 yards of two-ply ingrain, and from 17 to 18 yards of three-ply daily. Mr. Bigelow's improved method of producing, by steam power, figures that would match, was patented in 1845. The same machinery was found to be adapted to the weaving of body Brussels and tapestry, the weaving of which by power had previously been considered an impossibility, the rate of make being increased from three or four yards to eighteen or twenty per day. The application of steam not only economized time and labor, but it improved these fabrics until they surpassed the best of their kind in any other part of the world.

The Bigelow power-loom first adopted by the Lowell Company, at Lowell, Mass., was later introduced into Thompsonville and Tariffville, Conn., and afterward into factories built for their use at a new place called Clinton, in Worcester County, Mass. It may be said with truth that Mr. Bigelow's



invention not only revolutionized the weaving departments of carpet factories, but infused new life into the industry of the whole country, building up small villages of a few hundred inhabitants into prosperous towns numbering their populations by thousands.

The Bigelow Brussels power-loom has been introduced into Kidderminster, England, by the firm of Crossley & Sons, at an expense of \$100,000,000. Another important American invention, Alexander Smith's

making the best body Brussels the world has ever seen." Christopher Dresser, in his "Principles of Decorative Design," viewing us from another point, declared that, "judging from the carpets which they order," he imagined "that nowhere on earth was taste in matters of decorative art so depraved as in America,"—writing which he seemed to have forgotten how long England had been our chief source of supply both in fabric and design; also, that the "coarse, raw-



DRAWING FLOWER DESIGNS.

"Royal Axminster Loom," has been introduced into the same carpet centre by Messrs. Tompkinson & Adam. Formerly it took two weavers and a boy to weave one yard and a half of Axminster carpet per day by hand; one girl at the American loom can weave fifteen yards daily. In 1873 the manufacture of carpets had assumed such importance in this country that Mr. Harris Gastrell, in his report to the Foreign Office, referring to the industry said: "In the matter of fabric the Americans are ahead of the world, and to-day are

looking panel patterns colored in the most vulgar manner," which he so justly decried, were the productions of English design rooms, and fair examples of the barbaric taste which had until late years obtained in Great Britain, and still showed such vitality as to cause him to lament that even there, "bad patterns sold equally as well as the good."

That design had not received much consideration in America until within the last decade is not to be wondered at, seeing that the country during its short existence as a



nation had been engaged in developing its material resources and building up its commerce and manufactures. The severity of our climate made carpets a necessity; they were looked upon from a utilitarian point of view; provided they were thick and warm, fast in color and durable, it mattered little about the design. Some sort of pattern there must be, of course. England sent us her scrolls and panels, her birds and beasts, and flowers, and her brilliant colors; we calmly accepted them, learned to admire and then to copy them. They were our first models, but, with joy be it said, we have in great measure outgrown them, and felt a better influence. England, on the contrary, commenced with the finest models in the world—the rugs and carpets of the Orient—copied the fabric, but ultimately rejected their harmonious colorings and exquisite designs, substituting for them realistic representations of the animal and vegetable world, and wretched imitations of wood and stone.

This retrogression was not accomplished without remonstrance on the part of lovers of the beautiful, many writers pronouncing the severest strictures on the barbaric fashions of the times. Said Sir Charles Eastlake: "This vitiated taste pervades and infects the judgment by which we are accustomed to select and approve the objects of everyday life which we see around us. It crosses our path in the Brussels carpets of our drawing-rooms." . . . Owen Jones, writing of carpets, took comfort in the thought that "ingrains could do but little harm, having only two colors to deal with," but lamented that "Brussels, with its five colors, was more mischievous, tapestry vicious in the extreme, and printed carpets, with no bounds to their ambition, positively criminal."

It took no less an event than the Great Exhibition of 1851, in London, to open the eyes of the English to the fact that, in the matter of decorative design, they were inferior to the other nations of Europe. Through the influence and energy of the Prince Consort, steps were immediately taken to place the art-training of the whole country on a new and proper basis, the important work being intrusted by the

Board of Trade to the genius of Owen Jones, Richard Redgrave and Lyon Playfair. As a result of their wise labor, supplemented by the example of the Queen and the zeal of individuals, came into existence South Kensington Museum, with its splendid schools of science and art, and all the numerous schools of design which were established throughout the kingdom. The effect of these schools in revolutionizing British art industries in the short space of fifteen years was shown at the French Exposition of 1867, when England was awarded the palm as leader in decorative art. In 1862 M. Prosper Merimée, in his report of the Exposition Universelle of that year, said: "The English industry in particular, much behind from the art-point at the time of the Great Exhibition 1851, has in ten years made prodigious progress, and if it continues to march at the same step we shall very soon be left in the rear."

In fact, only four years after the establishment of the new schools the artistic improvement in English goods was so marked that France sent a commission to inquire into the cause.

From the age of Louis XIV. to the time of the Great Exhibition, France had been a model to Europe for the perfection of her taste, her art productions filling the markets of the world. Long supremacy had brought about an indolent self-conceit, and resting easy on her laurels she feared no change. But now had come a rude awakening. French art exports were falling off, and English exports of the same class increasing. Said an eminent French writer, on learning that the exportations of artistic industrial productions had decreased from 35 to 16 per cent., from 418 to 350 million francs, while in England they had increased from 413 to 855 million francs, "These figures have an eloquence which is beyond comment."

France had numerous schools in Paris and other cities; magnificent museums and libraries, but there was no general programme of instruction directed by the government, and the methods in vogue needed reform. Merchants, and manufacturers, and legislators became thoroughly aroused to the necessity of some concerted action, and



united in agitating and planning remedial measures. A most important result was the founding in 1864 of the "Union Centrale," having for its aim "the development of art in all its applications to industry." Among means to accomplish this were "'special courses of lectures and public conferences having relation to applied art; museums, retrospective and contemporary; libraries of ancient and modern art, where workmen could find aid in all their researches; and expositions particularly presenting the means of studying the best applications of art to industry." Among the classes open to competition for prizes, one of the most interesting was that of "art applied to house tapestry," which included "all kinds of carpets" and the "decorative art of the carpet manufacturer." The expositions since held by this organization are said to have been of surpassing brilliancy in their display of the products of industrial art in France, and indicative of a constantly increasing beauty in design. In Bavaria, the entire population is acquiring a knowledge of drawing and technology. In Prussia, Austria and Germany are excellent textile schools, the most remarkable being that of Crefeld, Germany, where is given general instruction to those intending to pursue the manufacture of textiles. Dye works, finishing works, design rooms and weaving sheds, with every description of loom and new inventions, it is said, will make it the most important school in Europe.

To return to the American industry, still in its infancy in 1860, it has assumed magnificent proportions, America having become the largest carpet manufacturing and carpet consuming country in the world. To-day, ingrain, tapestry, body Brussels, Wiltons, velvets, Axminsters, moquettes and other carpets keep hundreds of mills in constant operation. A brief description of the construction of these carpets may be of interest to the reader. Ingrains, two-ply and three-ply, are composed of two or of three distinct webs more or less interwoven with each other according to their pattern. In these fabrics a small all-over pattern is desirable, as the close interweaving gives strength. Plain surfaces wear badly. A large pattern with intermediate and

inner surfaces dotted with small figures is also strong from the same cause, namely, interweaving. Brussels carpet is known in two distinct varieties, body Brussels and "tapestry," the former being vastly the superior on account of the many thicknesses of worsted yarn of which it is composed, each of which, usually, is supplied by a frame of bobbins of one color, hence the term of three-frame, four, five and six frame, body Brussels. Tapestry-Brussels is composed of one thickness of worsted yarn printed or dyed before weaving with the colors which will compose its design when woven, the process by which, say a thousand rose-buds in a length of carpet are dyed, being most curious and interesting. Tapestry has a stiff, inelastic back composed entirely of jute and hemp or cotton binding, while body Brussels has a flax and linen backing through which is interwoven and laid the surplus worsted not needed on the surface, thus giving a soft, pliable backing. In the matter of design these carpets may be distinguished from each other at a distance, the design in body Brussels appearing beautifully distinct while that in tapestry shows the colors running into each other.

Wilton carpet is a strong, elegant fabric, with a rich pile composed from three, four, five or six frames of worsted yarns in single colors, looped in the weaving like body Brussels, and then cut to give the fine pile. Velvet carpet, though handsome in effect, if the design be good, is neither so durable nor so rich as Wilton, being, like Tapestry-Brussels, made from one frame of particular colored yarn, looped and then cut like Wilton. Aubussons, moquettes and Axminsters are very similar in appearance and construction; their high pile, containing the design, is fastened in tufts of soft woolen yarns to a fine groundwork of linen or cotton.

For the manufacture of carpets in the United States, it is estimated we shall need for the coming year something like eighty million pounds of wool and its substitutes, such as enter into the composition of common ingrain and Venetian carpetings; fifty millions of pure wool, and the remainder in hair of the cow and goat. Carpet wool, known in the tariff laws as class three,



is the product of the common sheep of semi-barbarous countries where labor is so cheap that it pays to raise sheep whose fleeces weigh only one or two pounds each. The American farmer, it is said, constantly endeavors to breed away from long, coarse, uneven wools which bring from four to five cents a pound, and are only suitable for carpets or rough goods, and by introducing merino blood into his flocks improves the quality and increases largely the quantity of his wool, also the value, the product of the finer sheep bringing from twenty to forty cents a pound. From its very unprofitableness, the production of wool of American growth for carpets is uncertain in quantity, varying from two to three and a half million pounds, grown chiefly in New Mexico and Colorado. Hence, it will be seen, we shall still have to look to Russia, Persia, Syria, Turkey, East India, Scotland and South America, for by far the greater percentage of our carpet-making wools.

The dyeing of carpet wools gives rise to an immense industry and traffic, the old world and the new being laid under tribute for large quantities of drugs and dyewoods. The high prices of cochineal and many of the standard dyestuffs used from time immemorial have developed a spirit of research the outcome of which has



A HYACINTH DISSECTED AND COMBINED FOR CARPET DESIGNS.



been a series of brilliant discoveries and inventions. From coal tar by chemical process have been evolved, among other colors important to the carpet manufacture, a "new scarlet," which largely supersedes the use of cochineal; blues made by the Nicholson method; an "acid fuchsine," by which can be produced scarlets and reds of any shade, and "artificial alizarine" to be used instead of madder root. It is claimed that coal-tar colors are brilliant and durable, their former fugitive properties having been almost entirely overcome. The necessity for their employment, however, is greatly to be regretted, aniline colors, as a rule, being cold and hard, and unpleasantly crude when used in any considerable masses. They have also the fault of eventually fading into disagreeable tints. The old-fashioned dye-stuffs, on the contrary, not only produce full, warm coloring, and delicate tints as well, but have the property when fading to fade off into the softest hues imaginable, being oftener lovelier in their decay than in their prime.

I now come to one of the most important features of this industry, namely, design. Thirty years ago a good copyist and one or two boys to grind colors and otherwise assist him, were considered a sufficient force for the design room of a mill turning out 40,000 yards of carpet per month. At that period there were less than half a dozen companies exclusively devoted to carpet making in the United States, and not as many designers; the few employed were of Scotch or English origin. To-day one firm alone pays \$25,000 annually for its designs.

All our early carpet patterns, and not a few later ones, it is said, were stolen from England or Scotland. These were wretched combinations of architectural scrolls and huge bouquets of blazing flowers. That the lessons learned from these influenced us hurtfully there can be no doubt; for, as soon as we commenced to design for ourselves, we retained many of the objectionable features, modifying them, however, until they became slightly less questionable in taste. Many old patterns are still in use whose designs would justify adverse criticism; but these are manufactured for a market that has not yet been reached by the art-feeling

which has been awakened in the principal cities of the Union by the Great Exhibition, which brought them in direct contact with the finest examples of Oriental art.

About the year 1873 American carpet manufacturers, having attained mechanical perfection in fabric, began to turn their attention to their design rooms. It had long been the custom, and it still prevails, though to a much less extent, to copy foreign patterns, and to adapt designs of wall-paper, chintzes, cretonnes and other textiles as patterns for carpets. In addition to this, if one manufacturer brought out a design which became very popular, it was almost sure to appear, if not exactly reproduced, slightly altered in the carpets of another firm. The pattern might be purchased abroad, many companies annually sending to Europe for designs, or it might have been designed, or copied, or adapted in the first manufacturer's design room, it mattered not, for it was looked upon almost as common property. As early as 1843 a patent had been granted for carpet designs; but until very recently patents have proved a very insufficient check to "pattern piracy," owing, in some measure, to the difficulty in obtaining fair verdicts in lawsuits, and to the consequent disinclination on the part of the injured party to prosecute. It is thought that the evil has now been abated, or, at least, been made unprofitable, by the result of an important suit for infringement of designs in which the judge of a circuit court of the United States awarded heavy damages.

The necessity for improvement in design grew daily more apparent. Protection had built up our industry to thriving proportions, and still encouraged it to larger growth, but protection alone was not sufficient to enable us successfully to compete against English free wool, low labor and superiority of design. The increasing general culture of our people after the great Centennial Exhibition, which affected us very much as the Great Exhibition of 1851 affected the English, and the Exposition of 1867 the French people, also made necessary attention to design.

In the year 1870 the State of Massachusetts passed the well-known Drawing Law,





INSTRUCTING A CLASS ON THE JACQUARD LOOM.

requiring drawing to be taught in the public schools, and free instruction in industrial drawing to be given to all persons over fifteen years of age, in cities and towns of more than ten thousand inhabitants. Under this law Prof. Walter Smith was appointed State Director of Art Education. This gentleman, formerly an "art master" in England, arranged and put into practice a system of instruction in drawing especial-

ly devoted to the industrial needs of the country, and similar to that of the South Kensington school. In connection with the school authorities he also established a normal school for the instruction of art teachers.

Boston, Lowell, Lawrence, Worcester and other cities accepted the privileges of art education, their large manufacturing interests demanding it. In response to the cry



of American manufacturers for American designers, two or three public-spirited men, notably Mr. James L. Little and Mr. John Amory Lowell, set to work to establish a school of design which in time would compete with the best in Europe. As a result there was opened, in 1873, the Lowell Free School of Industrial Design, in which art as applied to textile design is taught under the personal direction of M. Charles Kastner, formerly director of the Atelier Lebert, in Paris. The course embraces: 1. Technical manipulations; 2. Copying and variation of designs; 3. Original designs and composition of patterns; 4. The making of working drawings and finishing designs. The course extends through three years, applicants for admission being required to furnish specimens of their work in free-hand drawing. The school is constantly supplied with examples of all the novelties in textile fabrics from Paris; has a weaving department and a variety of looms for the practical application of their designs; but as yet no carpet loom has been furnished, pupils being obliged to visit carpet mills to see the application of carpet designs to weaving.

The first institute of technical design devoted exclusively to the instruction of women, it is claimed, in the world, was opened in the city of New York on October 27, 1881, under the auspices of its originator, Mrs. Florence E. Cory, assisted by an able advisory corps. The curriculum included, first, as a leading feature, designing for carpets of all grades; wall-paper, carving, lace, and embroidery design. Walter Smith's Geometrical System of Drawing, which has elsewhere been so successfully employed, was adopted; also free-hand and conventionalization as applied to industrial art. During the year each pupil in the elementary class must complete nine certificate sheets of uniform size (15 x 22 inches), one each of—

- Geometrical problems.
- Blackboard and dictation exercise.
- Enlarged copy in outline.
- Conventionalized flowers in geometrical figures.
- Applied designs.
- Outline drawing from objects.
- Outline drawing from flowers.
- Historical ornament.
- Botanical analysis.

In the flower-painting class—

- Three outline drawings, and
- Four paintings of flowers from nature.

In the carpet class, one each of a—

- Two-ply ingrain on the lines.
- Three-ply ingrain on the lines.
- Tapestry sketch.
- Body Brussels sketch.
- Moquette sketch.
- Optional sketch for borders, rugs, etc.
- Body Brussels design on the lines.
- Tapestry working design on the lines.

An excellent feature, peculiar to this school, is the practical application of the carpet design to weaving, a fine Jacquard loom, on which weaving lessons are given at stated intervals, being among the demonstrating apparatus. Another important feature connected with the course of study, as an adjunct to the school, is a design room where orders are received for work, the mechanical parts of which are given to the pupils as soon as they are competent to perform them, the work being done under the supervision of well known designers. As an evidence of the interest felt in the education of native designers, it may be stated that a number of the leading carpet manufacturers have already given valuable aid in subscriptions, criticisms and advice; they have also offered prizes for the best carpet designs. Many designs made in the school have been purchased and applied to ingrains, Brussels, tapestry and moquettes. Adjunct lectures, free to pupils, form another aid to instruction. Among the subjects for the year are the "Influence of Color in Design;" "Purity of Design;" "Capabilities of the Jacquard;" "Oriental Influence in Design," and "Plant Forms, their Use and Abuse," given by well known carpet designers and artists. Two years complete the course; a third year may be passed in practice in the design room. Visits of inspection are made to carpet works twice during the session. The increased attendance of the school, and the fact that the students have come from all parts of the Union, are among the best evidences of the pressing need felt in this country for instruction in textile design.

The "Woman's Institute of Technical Design," or, as it is now termed in its second year, the "School of Industrial Arts for Women," offers to women the best fa-



cilities for instruction in carpet designing that can be found in the Middle States, perhaps in the Union. But we are yet to have a fully equipped school for instruction in the textile arts—such, for instance, as the Textile School at Elberfeld, Prussia, where the pupils are taught most thoroughly analysis and preparation of materials, analysis and working of machinery, free-hand drawing, painting and modeling from nature, designing, composition, calculation and choice of yarns.

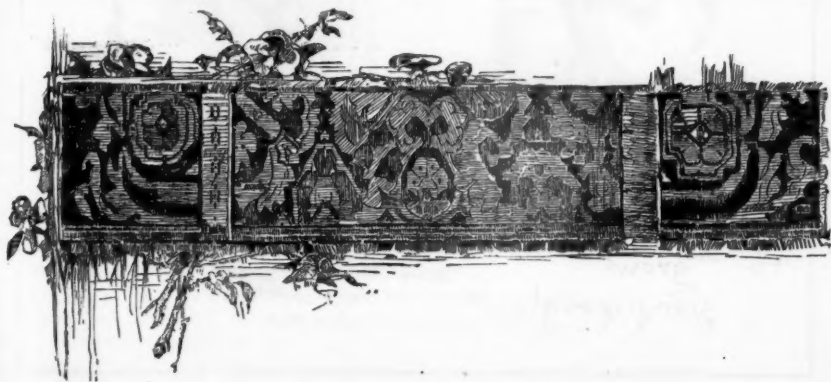
Plans for such a school have been under consideration, and a subscription open since 1881 in Philadelphia, the leading carpet centre in the United States. It seems not a little strange that a country which has given to the world such important inventions in the carpet line as the power-loom for ingrain, the power-loom for body Brussels, the improved Jacquard, adapted to carpet weaving, and the Royal Axminster loom, and which has in addition become the leading carpet producer in the world, should not as yet be fully awakened to the importance of industrial art education. We have the example of the Continent before us; we have seen England establish her technical schools throughout her kingdom, and marked the rapid advance in improvement of design. We have seen that England, not yet satisfied, has sent her royal commission to nearly every country on the Continent to examine into their methods of technical education. In the year 1882 the Prince of Wales formally opened at Bradford the technical school which that town had been laboring

to establish since her people learned their needs at the Paris Exposition of 1878. Manchester is about to put into operation a most complete technical school. Huddersfield and Preston are following, and many other industrial centres are agitating similar establishments.

In the seventeenth century there existed in Paris the celebrated coterie of the *Hôtel de Rambouillet*, composed of learned ladies and gentlemen who prided themselves on refinement and literary taste. They endeavored to purify the language and manners of the time of everything low and vulgar, and for their pains were satirized so severely by Molière in a play called "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*," that they were generally supposed to be half crazy and altogether silly personages. Yet it is said, France was indebted to them for a "vast reform in the aspect of her domestication."

"History repeats itself." In our nineteenth century, apart from the multitudes whom even South Kensington failed to impress, existed another coterie of refined souls—poet-artists, who, banding together, sought to redeem the Victorian age from its unloveliness, and to spread the gospel of the beautiful. Like that other coterie, they have suffered satire for their pains, but still exist. To them no less than to South Kensington the world owes a new order of colors, of whose delightfulness there can be no question—designs—seeing which one could wish that in our own land might arise some such forceful coterie.

F. E. FRYATT.





## AT THE SPRING.

I.

What dost thou here, so wayward sad,  
Where leaves and grass grow summer glad?  
What dost thou here, day in and out;  
Hast thou no task to be about,  
No thread to ply, no song to sing,  
While softly drips the spring?





## II.

Thou art so quiet in the shade,  
Shy creatures here play unafraid;  
With curious looks they come and go;  
The hardy wood-thrush, stooping low,  
Doth all but touch thee with her wing—  
While softly drips the spring.

## III.

Bestir thyself, or thou shalt see  
The ivy growing over thee;  
Green fingers of the gipsy vine  
Round thy white wasting fingers twine,  
And clasp thy wrists with many a ring—  
While softly drips the spring.

## IV.

There came a stranger here (she sighed);  
Hot noon it was, midsummer tide;  
He asked a draught of water cool  
From yonder deep, untainted pool,  
Which gladly I did draw and bring:—  
Now bitter runs the spring.

## V.

He raised the goblet, kissed the edge,  
And me within the draught did pledge:  
"So sweet a cooling cup I vow  
My parched lips ne'er touched till now,  
He gazed and said, low murmuring:—  
Now bitter runs the spring.

## VI.

His words, so grave, did all belie  
The light of laughter in his eye:  
"Be here when I return, full soon,  
To serve again thy grateful boon;  
Be here," he said, "to draw and bring:—"  
Now bitter runs the spring.

## VII.

I wait; I would not hence be missed;  
I keep the goblet that he kissed;  
But, if he comes not, let the vine  
Weave over me its meshes fine,  
And let the thrush kind strewments bring:—  
Now bitter runs the spring.



## MY DIARY IN THE ENGADINE.

PARIS.

I.

WE'VE actually folded our tents, like the Arabs, and quietly stolen away. Uncle Sam proposed that we should remain in town. "It's nonsense," he said, "to leave a comfortable home to be stowed away in one room, and to eat, heaven knows what, at prices that make the hair stand on end. I'll none of it. If your Aunt Jane, and you, and the boys, choose to become nomads, you may, but I prefer to let well alone. I've arrived at that time of life when uncertainty is pre-eminently disagreeable."

Will wonders never cease? Uncle Sam used to be the most energetic of men. Whether it is living in England or not, I can't determine, but he's growing conservative. I fancy it must be the climate, which, sooner or later, takes the "go" out of all Americans. The atmosphere seems to sit on us and pump out the steam that might be dangerous if turned on in public places.

Uncle Sam's decision had its effect upon the family. Stolid inertia always depresses mercury. We thought we'd rise superior to change, but when everybody we knew disappeared, and the houses about us shut their eyes and went to sleep, Aunt Jane, Ned, Dick and I started at nine o'clock at night for Southampton, *en route* to Havre and the unknown.

"Let us go where we can wear old clothes," said Ned. "I am so tired of the links and fetters of civilized life, that it would be unsafe to trust myself to the chalybeate pools of a German sylvan. It would be dangerous to—disrobe, for I should simply take to the wooded mountains and reassert the original dignity and freedom of savage life!"

I sympathized with Ned, and longed for a return to the primitive costume of the human race. It was infinitely less troublesome than the present variable fashions which drive us women quite out of our wits, at least twice a year, in search of dressmakers. What bliss Paradise will be!

There, according to painters, fashions are as everlasting as eternity. Like Raphael's seraphs, we are bothered with nothing but a pair of wings. On the whole, however, I'd rather there were a little more of me. I've a weakness for drapery, and it would be a great bore to wrap one's self up in one's dignity, with nothing but intellect to fall back upon.

We were very warm when we decided to desert Uncle Sam. Our minds had become more or less gelatinous, and dwelt upon one of Sydney Smith's clever sayings. "Very high and low temperature," declares the witty clergyman, "extinguishes all human sympathy and relations. It is impossible to feel affection beyond seventy-eight or below thirty-two degrees of Fahrenheit; human nature is too solid or too liquid beyond these limits. Man only lives to shiver or perspire." The thermometer stood quite high enough to weaken our affections, and off we went without one prick of conscience.

I don't know what the British Channel was made for. It boasts more total depravity to the square inch than all the rest of salt-water put together. So far as discomfort is concerned, I'd rather cross the Atlantic Ocean than the miserable strip of fluid that separates England from the Continent. It is natural to suppose that the English, who hold the purse-strings of the world, would make every effort to render traveling from their island as agreeable as possible, but they do not. Whether they want to keep their own people or the French at home, it is difficult to determine, but that they succeed in making tourists inexcusably wretched is as sure as fate. The passage from Southampton to Havre is eight hours and a half long, and being made at night, demands the best sleeping accommodation. Supper and breakfast cabin serves as general bedroom for first-class male passengers, while the women are laid in rows, one above another, in a cabin opposite.



When shelves are filled, women are invited to take the floor. The night we crossed, the Channel was boisterous and the boat crowded. Ned, having a cast-iron interior, remained on deck. I rushed at once to my shelf—a lower one—and awaited results, alas! not long in coming.

Ugh! What a fat woman the stewardess was! It made me sick to look at her. Why are stewardesses almost always fat? Probably because thinness means nerves, and what nervous woman could get her living by dealing out multitudinous basins to seasick femininity? The imperturbability of that stewardess as she passed around the necessary evils was maddening. Not one ray of sympathy lit up her stolid face, and when the boat pitched most and the groans were at their height, that mass of flesh moved among us like a thing of wood. My upstairs neighbor was very ill, and I shuddered at what might be. She added to the dramatic situation by owning a husband and a dog. The latter lay at her feet and howled. The former made himself quite as objectionable by putting his head in at the door every few moments and asking if she felt better, to which invariable question came the invariable reply, "I wish I were at home!" I wished she were, with all my heart. The married men took turns in standing at the door, which was always open, and putting domestic conundrums, so that sleep was impossible.

All the portholes were shut; the air was awful; a kerosene-lamp shone in my eyes, and I thought how triumphantly Uncle Sam would have smiled could he have surveyed the horrid scene. Aunt May sat up all night on a camp-stool in the lee of a funnel. Dick ate voraciously of sardines and other dreadful things, and then turned in with the general herd. How fearfully and wonderfully men are made!

I had just succeeded in closing one eye, when a vulgar-looking Frenchwoman, lying on the floor, sat up and began pawing everything about her.

"Mon Dieu!" she cried. "Où est mon petit chien? où est mon petit chien?"

No one answered, whereupon the woman got up and poked among the lower shelves until she suddenly clutched my back hair,

which was the only part of me not enveloped in a shawl. Discovering her mistake, Madame du Petit Chien said, "Pardon, vous n'êtes pas mon petit chien, mais vos cheveux sont la même couleur," and off she went to another shelf, where sat a curly, auburn-haired poodle, contemplating the search with evident satisfaction. "Méchant!" ejaculated the mistress, boxing his ears. Then madame put that bit of animated wool into a leather bag, which she shut with a spring and went to sleep. How that poodle breathed will ever remain a profound mystery. The way women travel with miserable little dogs fills me with amazement. Men don't; and when I think of the pampering these creatures get, what a nuisance they are to travelers, and how the same amount of care bestowed upon children would result in untold benefit to mankind, I become cynical. The affection wasted upon poodles would, if properly distributed, supply all poor orphans with homes. Wilkie Collins says that the three things he most noticed in the United States were the absence of walking-sticks, the absence of street-singing and the absence of dogs. We are too nervous and active a people for the first, too generally educated for the second and too busy for the third. Pet dogs, particularly poodles, are luxuries of unoccupied minds or women whose lives are solitary. Were there more men in England, there might be fewer poodles.

We reached Havre at last, and it amused me to watch the porters manipulate the luggage. Instead of taking it direct to the custom-house, they piled it up in front until the last trunk had been taken from the boat. Then they moved all into the custom-house, giving themselves twice as much trouble as necessary and losing no little time. "Why do you expend unnecessary energy?" I asked a baggy official. He shrugged his shoulders, looked at me as though I were a curious object not yet classified in natural history, and answered, "We have very little to do; why should we *dépêcher* ourselves? It never occurred to the baggy official that travelers might wish to *dépêcher*. *Mais que voulez-vous?*"

It was great fun to see the officers make Dick open his trunk and portmanteau.



They were on the rampage for cigars, and because he didn't want to be bothered, and swore he had no tobacco except what he was smoking, poor Dick was forced to produce his keys. "Confound you!" said Dick. "Don't you know that I and George Washington never told a lie? You're Bashi-Bazouks; that's what *you* are!" *Messieurs les Français* didn't understand, but they evidently thought Dick a suspicious character, as they turned his trunk inside out. "That comes of scolding," thought I; so, with *empressement*, I presented my keys, begged the red-legged *parlez-vouses* to satisfy themselves, and lo! they chalked everything without turning a lock! "That's what you get for being a woman!" grumbled Dick. Smiles were not my salvation. My readiness to have my *impedimenta* examined smoothed the official brow. Men only persist in the face of opposition. Hence their tremendous anxiety to marry the girls who say "No." After gaining their point they are no more in love than other men—sometimes not half as much.

The *parlez-vouses* charged us a franc a trunk for the privilege of ransacking, and after driving about Havre, which is too commercial a town to be interesting, we took the train to Paris.

ST. MORITZ.

When Aunt May puts her small foot down, the whole family trembles. One week after reaching Paris, while dining at our cheap but not nasty restaurant, our amiable darling declared that she had had enough of the Americans' Paradise. "Oh, Aunt May," I expostulated; "think of the Bon Marché! I've not yet finished shopping." "Bother your shopping! For six days have I been dragged to the Rue de Bac. I've seen so many things that I'm tired to death. You needn't look disgusted, my dear, but I mean what I say. For sane beings to broil in Paris and work for nothing when Nature invites them to beautiful scenery and pure, fresh air, is downright stupidity. We'll leave to-morrow by the earliest train, or there will be nothing left of me." When mild people become exasperated it's amazing what strong language they use. As Aunt May spoke, perspiring beads stood upon her brow as dew stands upon matu-

rial grass, and I began to fear that her too, too solid flesh might melt. "You're quite right," chimed in Ned. "You've been a victim long enough; the sooner we're off the better. Sight-seeing is giving me an awful indigestion. It's as easy to have too much of things as of food." Of course Dick agreed with the rest of the family. He always casts his lot with the majority.

"All I ask," said he, "is that you go where there's a chance of meeting pretty girls.

Better fifty years of Broadway  
Than a cycle of Europé.

Accent on the last syllable for the sake of the measure. Where the good-looking, well-dressed women keep themselves in the old world is a mystery. My taste will be ruined if I don't go home soon."

Like a good republican I bowed to popular will.

"But where shall we go?" asked Ned. "Let's look at the map of Europe."

So we looked, and Aunt May decided that we all wanted to go to Switzerland.

"There, at least, we'll keep cool, for we can sit on the Alps with a glacier for a footstool. We'll take tickets for St. Moritz, and drink the waters, thereby combining health with pleasure."

Soon after, we fell to packing, and the next morning we were off. Such a hot day! We were nearly stifled in the railway carriage, our companions being a Spaniard and a Frenchman. The latter sat at our window, and, of course, closed it. If there is one thing more objectionable than another to a Gaul, it is fresh air. He'll sit with ease in a hermetically sealed theatre and utterly disprove the necessity of oxygen for breathing purposes. Our Spaniard held an unlighted cigarette in his yellow hands, looking the picture of misery. Glancing first at Aunt May and then at me, he finally asked us whether we objected to smoking.

"There are things in the world I prefer to smoking, particularly in a close railway carriage," said Aunt May; "but if you can't exist, sir, without tobacco, smoke."

If such a speech had been made to me, I'd have changed my carriage in less than no time. The Hidalgo, however, made a profound bow, lighted his cigarette and from that moment until ten o'clock at night,



when we reached Basle, he did not cease puffing. Sir Walter Raleigh has a good deal to answer for. The weed he discovered has put Spain to sleep, and has proved to be woman's most dangerous rival.

What with heat, smoke, close air, dust, uncomfortable velvet seats with backs that went in and out in the wrong places, and the impossibility of moving about, or getting a glass of water, we passed fourteen most miserable hours. I sighed for Pullman cars, but though Mr. Pullman has spent a fortune in pounding his cars into the heads of European railway companies, they are only just beginning to make an impression. Red-tape prefers to go on in its old wretched way, to which the people submit, knowing no better. Yet traveling costs twice as much as with us, and the sums charged for luggage are simply appalling. No wonder natives stay at home, and let foreigners pay for their railroads. No wonder the Swiss railroads are poor investments. None but strangers are fools enough to patronize them. My one small trunk cost twenty francs before we reached St. Moritz, the price of a first-class ticket from Boston to New York! Next time, I travel with a knapsack and spend the money thus saved at the Théâtre Français. Twenty francs represent one "Phedre," one "Fourchambault," and one-half of "Hernani." However, railway carriages in Switzerland are infinitely better than those elsewhere in Europe, as they are a compromise between our system and *statu quo*. The conductor walks through the train like a man, instead of hanging on outside like a fly. But think of being obliged in the nineteenth century to separate tickets by means of scissors!

Ned expostulated with the conductor, telling him that such a slow proceeding was an insult to civilization. Whereupon the conductor shrugged his expansive shoulders and replied that scissors were good enough for him! How dreadful is self-satisfaction! I am more and more convinced that contentment is a swinish sentiment. It is the genius of discontent that is gradually making the earth habitable.

Well, we have been at St. Moritz five days. I never before was so high up in the world. We are 6,050 feet above the level of the sea,

VOL. II.—No. 2.—41.

and Aunt May has had her wish. We are frozen to death. We've left the equator and have climbed the North Pole. The first thing I did on arriving was to telegraph to London for my sealskin. I did think I might be spared the infliction of fur for at least two months in the year; but it is not to be. A friend brought the animal as far as the Swiss frontier and then put it in the post. Everything in Switzerland is sent by post—stoves, babies and all! My sealskin has just arrived, and for the first time in five days I have stopped shivering. With a hot bottle for a footstool I hope to be able to keep alive. Here the artillery of nature is forged. Here the clouds are so near I can almost touch them. They have sat down on the mountains, as though in congress assembled, with the intention of not getting up again. It is raining metaphorical cats and dogs. I don't say a word, but I think Aunt May would give her best chignon to be back in Paris. Dick is cross because he has not yet found a pretty girl. "Puss," he said, to-day, "what is the matter with the women's feet? At least, in rainy weather, a fellow may devote himself to the profound study of ankles. Well, upon my word, they don't keep ankles in this country. There are feet—one foot to the yard—and there are legs—such as are attached to grand pianofortes, but, by Jove, I haven't seen an ankle!"

It's quite awful the way Dick goes on. Kitty Mason is coming to-morrow, and then I hope he'll be satisfied, for she wears No. 1's, and has an instep as high as Mont Blanc.

Ned is gloomy because he can't make excursions.

Oh, the cruelty of those who should know better! People in the last stages of consumption and other diseases are sent here to get well!—sent from comfortable homes, and dainty cooking, and kind friends, to a climate that has varied twenty degrees in twenty-four hours since we have been here—sent to hotels where fireplaces are unknown, where the food is unsuited to delicate stomachs, and where shutters are conspicuous by their absence! Think of an entire village without shutters, where the day gets up at three o'clock! Aunt May



can't sleep a wink if there is a ray of light in the room, and it is amusing to see Ned and Dick nailing up her windows with shawls every night.

They move a tall wardrobe before my window, and in the morning I get up in the dark.

The Kur Haus has shutters, and in many respects is the best place for invalids, as it adjoins the baths, etc.; but I for one cannot endure German cooking and the sight of three hundred Germans swallowing their knives. They will do it, even the best of them. They will scorn the adjacent and convenient fork, and rival Benedetti, the sword-swallower, in his most difficult exercises. Another peculiarity I can't get over is the extraordinary mixture of roast, *salade et compôte*.

A thorough-going German will poise, on his adroit knife, first meat, then salad dripping with vinegar, then *compôte* saturated with sugar; or it may be that this unholy trinity disappears at one fell swoop. One must be born to this sort of thing. It cannot be thrust upon the inexperienced.

People come here for their throats, thinking that they can't possibly catch cold 6,050 feet above the level of the sea. It is all nonsense—Aunt May has a sore throat. I've discovered the existence of a hitherto unknown gland. Ned has rheumatism in the shoulder, and Dick has a twinge of neuralgia. A sick man sent here alone has just telegraphed for his family, and hopes to get away alive. I've not the least doubt that St. Moritz is the loveliest spot this side of Paradise when the sun shines and the mountains are visible. But when it thunders and lightens and rains, and the mountains put on their night-caps and disappear behind sheets of clouds, and the thermometer is 50° Fahrenheit in one's room, and there's nothing to do but grumble, and one goes to bed to keep warm, how can one be ecstatic? It is asking too much of human nature. This sort of weather has been going on during the entire season. If it continues much longer, there will be nothing left of me but a frozen tear.

TWO WEEKS LATER.

The sun has concluded to shine occasionally. We have had several days of bright

blue sky, deliciously balmy air, and splendid views. This transformation has made me realize why St. Moritz has won its great reputation, and why travelers who have seen it *en grande toilette* never cease to sing its praises. I am told that this season is exceptional. I never visited town nor country that I did not hear the same story. I no longer believe in a climate. I never yet found a summer resort where it didn't rain everlastingly, Newport, Rhode Island, excepted. There is but one more experiment left for me to try—Colorado. "One of the special recommendations of St. Moritz is the dryness of its climate, and the total absence of wind," exclaims Ned, sarcastically. Out of twenty-one days, it has poured more or less for seventeen, accompanied by a gale which would do credit to the west coast of Scotland or Ireland. Notwithstanding this fact there is no *établissement* in which to walk or sit, or lounge, when the angry elements set in for a three weeks' cruise. If gambling were licensed for a year or two, the necessary building would go up like magic. But, even in the present reign of virtue and general debility, enough money is poured into St. Moritz to warrant the erection of a casino with balconies sheltered from the rain.

Several years ago, they say, whole bouquets of English hot-house flowers, tender plants, faded and wearied by the London season, used to be seen renovating their stems and petals in this mountain air. Has Sir William Gull discovered other eyries more salubrious?

Now England's aristocracy is conspicuous by its absence, yet nations elbow each other almost as closely as at the Paris Exposition. Among other things, it rains princesses, duchesses, countesses and marchesas. Ned says that man in Switzerland begins with Baron. Ned and Dick were both in the *Fremdenblatt* (which is German for visitors' list) as counts, and Aunt May was countess, until we expostulated. Women abound, apparently having packed up their husbands and male kind for the summer. One soon learns on the promenade who is who. On arriving we were greatly puzzled by a man whom everybody seemed to know, who talked Italian like a Tuscan, French like a



Parisian and English like a cultivated Irishman. First we heard that the Spaniards claimed him as their own, but when we came to know him, he turned out to be a native of the Emerald Isle, the last male representative of one of its oldest families, a British diplomatist of the last twenty years. He had recently abandoned a career which he considers "stale, flat and unprofitable," virtue meeting with its own reward, in some diminutive court or South American republic. This perambulating polyglot is the most un-English British subject I ever encountered, and is decidedly the most agreeable man who buzzes at the wells. To-day he gave us a *séance* on beauty and its preservation. According to this Admirable Crichton, when Italy sends forth beauty, she always gains the palm among nations, perhaps because the constant view of perfect form and color which greets the eye there has a direct or indirect influence on procreation; but certain it is that when an Italian is really beautiful, the chiseling of the features and the harmony of the *ensemble* are greater than in any other race. When the Countess of Castiglione visited England twenty-five years ago, Lord Palmerston gave a memorable dinner, to which he invited nine of England's greatest beauties to meet that of the Castiglione.

They were all assembled when she entered, crushing and overwhelming as the statue of Venus Anadyomene among lesser divinities. All criticisms on her coiffure, toilet, haughty and imperious air were set at naught by the fact that every line was perfect. I can quite believe the statement, for a friend of ours in Paris owns an undraped statue for which the Countess Castiglione is said to have posed. It is beautiful. Our Admirable Crichton wonders that beauty should long be able to endure the corrosive effects of modern fashionable life. Being so great a power, it is worth preserving by more attention to hygienic principles.

"Why were Aspasia, Lais, and, later, Nion de l'Enclos, beautiful to the end? Because they cared for and nursed their health, their intellect and all the accessories necessary for beauty to reign and to command. They ignored the benefits of progress and

civilization, *calorifères*, tight lacing, truffles, *foie gras* at midnight, and a 'B. and S.' at three A. M., all meaning poverty of the blood and nervous exhaustion. We should never have met them at St. Moritz."

This is our view of the matter, but it seems to me if Aspasia & Co. never grew old, it was not only because they had the sense to preserve their health, but because they had no heart. Beauty possessed of heart must suffer, no matter how sound the body, and suffering begets lines and gray hairs even in youth. The noblest beauty, after all, is that of expression. And what face can express varying emotions that has felt none?

A summer resort is the very last place one seeks for intelligence, yet even here the most beautiful women are not the most attractive.

The woman who looks equally well morning, noon, and night; whose face never changes, whose brow is always serene, is simply a being whose blood never rises above 60° Fahrenheit. She may be a beauty, but for all that she is a monstrosity. As well have an iceberg for a mother, wife, sister, or friend. Give me heart, though it means wrinkles at twenty-five.

#### ONE WEEK LATER STILL.

I've made a discovery. It does not always rain in the Upper Engadine. There are moments, hours, even days, when the face of Nature emerges from the bath-tub and smiles bewitchingly, breathing balm to body and soul. We are all much more contented than we were, as life does not entirely depend upon hot-water bottles and seal-skins. The worst specimens of humanity are not without redeeming qualities, and, despite the total depravity of inanimate things, Nature has spasms of remorse. For these spasms we have recently been thankful, and for their repetition we constantly pray.

St. Moritz is dual in character. There is the village on the hill, and there is the *Bad* in the valley below. Ned declares "it's all bad;" but Ned, being a perfectly healthy animal, is strong in his expressions. The village harbors most English and Americans of fashion, who prefer the Kulm Hotel, where there is a new dining-room, with a



capital floor for dancing. It probably possesses a better *cuisine* than the other hotels, though really there isn't much difference.

We've tried all the *table d'hôtes*, and find the omnipresent weak soup, the omnipresent "*poulet*," the omnipresent "*pouding*," the omnipresent aged and wrinkled fruit, the omnipresent highly colored vinegar disguised as wine of the country, and labeled "*Perla di Sassella*" and "*Inferno*." The last name is singularly appropriate. Europeans had rather drink the vilest wine than the most refreshing water. As a rule the water is so nasty or so chalky that no one who respects his stomach will swallow a drop; but the Engadine has exceptionally fine, cool, spring water, which reminds us of America. We drink it with delight, much to the disgust of our waiter. Our neighbors order seltzer and vinegar, and gaze at us with amazement.

"How excessively mean these Americans must be not to drink wine," exclaimed one Spaniard to another, in his native tongue, little dreaming some of us understood him.

That a being erect upon two legs should, under any circumstance, prefer water to wine, is simply incomprehensible to the intellect of the old world, Sir Wilfred Lawson excepted.

So the English drown themselves in beer, champagne, sherry, port, and are laid up with rheumatism and gout for weeks at a time, utterly scouting the idea that what they drink affects the condition of the blood. *Chacun à son gout*. I want none of it. Here we get excellent milk, as well as water. The bread and butter is also good. So no one need starve. We have stupendous appetites, and being doubtful as to tea and coffee, we order cocoa for breakfast, which as Ned says, is "very filling at the price."

He likewise declares that we are "squeezing this orange dry" because Aunt May makes us take the cure. "What's the use of coming to St. Moritz unless we embrace our opportunities?" said she on arriving. "But there's nothing the matter with us!" we cried in chorus.

Anxious Aunt May was not so sure of that, so we were marched to a physician, who felt our pulse, pounded our lungs, looked down our throats, and found that we all required treatment. Aunt May's nervous system was threatened with fatty degeneracy, or something like it—I never can remember technical terms; I needed "tone," Ned's circulation was abnormal, and Dick's bronchial tubes were twice their natural length.

"It's all bosh!" said the irreverent Ned, as we left the grave man's office. "My circulation is equal to the New York *Herald*, and that's the largest in the world."

Dick never knew before that he had any tubes; but once assured of the extraordinary fact, he became quite nervous and rushed to the pump. Daily he insists upon having the doctor look down his throat and report upon the length of the tubes.

Won't he have a jolly bill to pay! What fusses men are the moment they imagine anything ails them! Women accept physical suffering with resignation. Men resent the infliction as a personal insult.

All that Aunt May said about her supposed complaint was, "I'm so glad I'm to degenerate, and not you, Puss!"

Isn't that just like a dear, unselfish woman?

"Nonsense!" I replied. "Nobody has the remotest idea of degenerating; but we'll all take the cure for the fun of the thing."

And we have.

KATE FIELD.





## THE GERMAN COLONY IN LONDON.

NO inconsiderable portion of the stream of German emigration, which has attained such vast dimensions during the last few years, discharges itself on English soil. Perhaps it is a little too severe to say, as has been said by the official conservative Prussian paper, that all the working bees go to America, while England gets all the drones; for, taken as a whole, the contingent of emigrants landed there are as fairly respectable as those that go to the States. But, at the same time, it is certain the German colony in England contains many dubious elements. Obvious reasons, such as the cheaper and shorter journey, attract great numbers to England, and the result is, that among the many mongrel nationalities which that country has received into her hospitable arms, the Germans take a foremost place. It may not, therefore, be without interest to know something of the colony that has pitched its tent in the English capital. Although since the purchase of the Steelyard by the Hanseatic League, there has always been a German settlement in London, the present colony dates chiefly from 1848, when political disasters drove forth so many respectable and desirable citizens from their native land. It has since been steadily strengthened by contingents of persons seeking to escape from military thralldom, from the desire to discover an El Dorado on the banks of the Thames, as well as from other causes less reputable. Their present number is difficult to estimate, but something like 70,000 may be the approximate figure, though if we are justified in including such German-speaking peoples as Austrians and Swiss, it can be placed at a somewhat higher figure. The occupations of these persons are very varied. Commerce and industries absorb the larger portion; and in commerce, as is well known, the Germans, out of their native land, prove most successful—German merchants being among the richest residents in London. It would lead us too far to consider why these men, some of whom came to England with

the traditional half-crown in their pockets, should have thriven there and added to the wealth of the country, while their own land remains so poor, and appears to eject, rather than to attract, those who could have the power to raise her financial status. The causes are nevertheless sufficiently obvious, and to be sought for in German domestic policy, past and present. Of the latter class of emigrants, it is commonly those who need elbow and breathing room to expand who quit their native land, and it is these who, by force of character, industry, thrift, and unexampled energy, rise to the top of the social tree. But merchants are not the only successful members of the German colony. There are various branches of industry in which they compete so seriously with the English, as almost to have driven them out of the field. The sugar-refiners of White-chapel form quite a colony among themselves. Watch and clock makers and repairers are also largely Germans. Bakers, too, are jostling the English sorely. As it is, London can boast more German bakers than Berlin, while the number of hairdressers, bootmakers and tailors who ply their trade in the metropolis, would suffice to supply the needs of the largest German provincial town. German artisans have of late also come over to swell the tide of competition.

Some time ago, while the new Law Courts were building in London, the workmen, knowing their employers were under contract, struck for higher wages, under the impression that this must be accorded to them, as else their employers would be heavily charged did they not fulfill their engagement. For once these men were too clever by half. The contractors, when they found the men would not come to terms, invited over a number of foreign workmen, among whom was a strong contingent of Germans. Many of these men have remained in England and are in good employment there. They are formidable rivals to the English working-men, being more



frugal in their habits, better acquainted with the elementary principles of political economy, and, moreover, not given to strike. The French proverb says: "One has the defects of one's qualities," and conversely it may be maintained that one has the qualities of one's defects. The Germans, in whom public spirit and independence have so long been systematically quenched that it strikes us with amusement to remember that the origin of the English free ideas of government are to be sought in Teutonic words, are not given to revolt against the things that are. Hence they go quietly on their way as workmen, content with such wages as are offered and such hours as they are asked to work. If English workmen do not look about them, perhaps the most formidable rival of all has unobtrusively arisen there. What applies to these men applies also to their social betters. A few Germans who have become completely anglicized take active part in English municipal and political affairs, but even this more in the provinces than in London. As a whole, however, the Germans have politically no influence in England, nor do they much strive after it. The few members of the House of Commons who have German names are Germans only by descent, not birth. The late general elections witnessed the attempts of some rich parvenus to get into the House, but their motives are scarcely to be accounted higher than those of personal vanity, and their efforts met with the success they deserved.

It is greatly to the credit of "Little Germany" that its members make large and various efforts to keep alive a feeling of nationality and of brotherhood. The number of "Vereine," a species of club formed for political, dramatic, musical, or generally sociable purposes, is at least twenty or thirty, and here, over innumerable glasses of German beer, the German tongue and German traditions are kept green. Four principal as well as several minor German newspapers are published weekly in London. We fear it can hardly be said that the colony supports these, and it is questioned whether the account-books of these papers would show a satisfactory balance. Moreover, it is calculated that about 12,500 journals arrive daily

by post from the Fatherland, of which, no doubt, the largest proportion are absorbed by the resident Germans, thus keeping them mentally linked with their country. The Germans in England and London have certainly not taken the same position as in the United States, where they have become active members of the commonwealth, support a flourishing press, have founded towns and peopled deserts. No "Hans Breitmann" has arisen out of the English Germans. Abominable English and debased German though they too frequently speak, they have not created a mongrel language as is the case in Pennsylvania and other parts of the States. But I doubt whether America can in proportion show a nobler array of philanthropic institutions than have been founded by German patriotism in London.

First and foremost stands the German Society of Benevolence, established as long ago as 1817, and which assists its needy compatriots on the broadest and most liberal basis, want being sufficient introduction. It is calculated that this society has since its establishment expended some £21,000; that it annually aids some 2,000 persons, and sends back one hundred to their own country. This, like all these institutions, is entirely supported by the voluntary contributions of the German residents in England. The Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress, though nominally of an international character, bears testimony to the preponderance of German foreigners in London. Thus, of 3,074 cases that were aided during last year, the lion's share of 2,230 fell to Germany. The German Hospital, which has also assumed an international character, and is largely aided with English funds and English patronage, is an institution of which "Little Germany" may rightly be proud. Founded by a German doctor in 1845, it has risen from modest beginnings to its present flourishing condition, which allows it to rank worthily beside metropolitan hospitals. A German orphanage is an institution still in its infancy, founded to celebrate the German Emperor's golden wedding; but this, too, promises to flourish. Further, this past year saw the formation of an association of German gov-



ernesses in England, a house where these ladies can board and lodge till they find situations, a registry office for such being attached to the foundation. The fate of poor girls who have been deluded over there by high hopes and deceptive advertisements has too often been tragic. A similar greatly needed home for servant girls has also sprung into life during the past months. This and the former institution largely owe their existence, however, to English munificence, the Earl of Aberdeen alone contributing £600 to the servants' home. Of a similar nature is an inn called the "Herberge," or asylum, in Finsbury square, where emigrants of the poorer class can find a clean and respectable lodging, and are helped with good advice and a friendly welcome.

One Catholic and nine Protestant churches supply the spiritual needs of London Germans, a very large number of whom are Jews and freethinkers. It is interesting to find that the earliest of these churches was founded through the generosity of King Edward VI., who accorded the church a site in Austin Friars. Connected with these churches are various schools, of which three are to be found in Whitechapel, densely crowded with Germans, and one in Islington, also a favorite German dwelling-place. In these schools the German feeling is kept alive in the younger generation, a somewhat doubtful benefit, since the result is too often that the children cannot speak fluently the tongue of what is after all their native land, and in which in all probability their days will be passed. They do not learn either to comprehend English ways and modes of thought, and hence are brought up as aliens, a fact they may themselves some day be the first to deplore. After all, if their parents from various motives have decided to turn their backs upon their native land, they must take all the consequences of their actions, and since these schools cannot, for all their efforts, artificially reproduce the German spirit, the results they turn out are hybrids, much to be deprecated. The same censure applies with yet more force to the better-class schools, for the poor have less choice, and from some opportunities of judging of the results, I should say that Anglo-Ger-

man schools are rather to be condemned than commended.

The most respectable of the German clubs is the Athenæum, though the Gymnastic Society has done more to keep alive a patriotic spirit. At the Athenæum the members meet upon the neutral ground of art and literature. The Gymnastic Society is the only one of the various German associations that has in any way attracted English members—indeed, the number of English members now exceeds that of the German ones. Founded in 1861, it owns a good-sized building near King's Cross, and annually celebrates its anniversary at the Crystal Palace. Whether the art of gymnastics will restore the lost equilibrium of human education, as was the fond hope of the founders of the society, may be a question. But undoubtedly this club has helped on a better understanding between the lower middle-class English and German society. Though its German members are in the minority, the tone of the Turn-Verein remains German. German is the official language, and German are its aims and modes of thought. Connected with it are dramatic, singing and literary clubs, in which the German and English tongues are alternately used. Every year this club dresses a huge Christmas-tree, to which hundreds of poor children are invited to celebrate Christmas after the German mode, and at carnival and other festive seasons national customs are kept up. A number of small so-called clubs have merely been formed to escape the restrictive conditions attached to English public houses, such as closing during church hours and so forth. The clubs are chiefly frequented on Sundays, when for a modest sum a modest dinner can be obtained, and the members can indulge without restraint in musical performances, cards and billiards. They are unquestionably a boon for the lower class of Germans, of whom, after all, the German colony chiefly consists, and who, homeless and friendless, there can find shelter and amusement on the day that is the dreariest in a foreign land.

That London is the hot-bed of German socialism and also of the International Society is well known. It is easily comprehensible that the members of this party



keep their doings and haunts very dark and are reticent of information. There seems little doubt, however, that the wires of the social democratic movement that causes Bismarck such alarm are pulled there, and that many of the articles that are printed at Zurich and Geneva, to be secretly smuggled into Germany, are written in London, by London Germans. There are various communistic workingmen's unions that belong to the diverse sections of German social democracy. It would appear that they are given to quarrel among themselves and that the recent attitude of Most, who was their leader, caused a fracture among them that has led to a secession and a formation of new parties. The graceful and pertinent epithets leveled at one another by these clubs tend to furnish outsiders with a significant specimen of the brotherly love and unity that will pervade the world when this party has gained the upper hand. Looking into this and similar matters, it is small wonder that a fair section of the better-class Germans keep aloof from their countrymen, thus earning their condemnation as unpatriotic. By far the largest part of the German colony is composed of heterogeneous and often not very reputable elements. Though the top of the pyramid of German society in England is splendid enough, the broad basis from which it rises is rotten and foul. The scum of the population is always likely to preponderate among emigrants. At the same time the number of respectable Germans is large, too, many of whom find it hard enough to earn an honest penny in the land they dreamed was paved with gold, and the sufferings endured by some of these form a chronicle of heart-rending reading. Not few are the number who come to England thinking to be teachers or clerks and are glad in the end to turn hairdressers or waiters, or even black boots or sell matches in the streets.

These facts ought to be more widely known than they are. It is deeply to be deplored that distance only illumines the top of the pyramid, and that lured by its glittering sheen so many poor creatures rush over to bruise themselves to death, or to sink socially or morally in the scale. The struggle for exist-

ence is perhaps nowhere harder than in London, yet it is just to London that the Germans pour in shoals. That on the whole they have been so prosperous is greatly to their credit, and is largely due to their native steadiness, thriftiness and superior school training. That in the domain of merchants' clerks, by their better knowledge of foreign languages, their more ardent application, they have almost driven the English off the field, is well known. Here they have by reflex action exercised a good influence, for much more attention is paid now than in former years to teaching youths who are to enter commerce modern tongues. Greek and Latin are not useful articles among the cultured stock of commercial men, if their acquisition requires an absolute ignorance of French and German. It is certainly astonishing to notice in walking through the city how much German is heard, how many German restaurants and beer-shops are to be found. Both diminish, however, as we go westward, and except where we touch the musical world, German is more rarely heard. In music the Germans have long been *facile princeps* and neither as executants or teachers can the English at all compete with them. This section of the German colony is very large, as may be judged from the fact alone that of the orchestras of all the metropolitan theatres, concerts, etc., quite two-thirds are Germans. And the more the taste for music increases in England, the larger will grow this portion of the colony, for there is little immediate prospect that on this field English competition can drive them out.

The number of German beggars is an acknowledged plague to their countrymen. They have often wondered how these persons so infallibly discover them. The secret is now out. It would seem that there is also a sort of German beggars' club in London, in which each member is instructed in the branches of the trade for which he seems by natural capacity most suited. An account is kept of all German residents and hectographed copies distributed to the members; also a statement of the probability of success and how much can be looked for from each donor. The price of membership to this club varies from one to three pence per



name supplied, and twenty-five per cent. of the receipts taken.

Space will not allow me to furnish more details concerning this curious colony, which leads a life quite of its own in the midst of that great London. Those of its members who have become anglicized have, of course, long ago broken loose from it. But it is strange to find how those who belong to it

are often curiously ignorant of and indifferent to the institutions, manners and customs of the country in which they have chosen to pitch the domicile. This is a remarkable feature. There are to be found in London numbers of Germans who are as completely Teutonic as if they had only just come forth from the Fatherland.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

[Begun in the July number.]

## HER PRICE.

MRS. FEATHERSTONE started away as if she had been stung, and seated herself in a remote corner of the room. Serge now bit his lips with anger. What a fool he had been! He got up, and coming to where she was sitting, he knelt down before her, and said:

"I was a fool—nay, worse. Can you ever forgive me?"

She was leaning back in her chair, breathing quickly—her hands clasped loosely in her lap.

"Zuleika," he cried, "speak to me; for the love of God! Are you ill, or are you too offended to speak to me?"

And he caught her hands, which were cold now, and held them.

At length she spoke; her voice was low and uncertain, but it had in it an almost overpowering sweetness.

"I am surprised—dazed," she said. He let go her hands and began walking up and down. Then he sat down on the couch, where but a few minutes ago they had sat together. For some time there was no sound but the buzzing of the flies in and out. He waited breathlessly, as souls may wait at the day of Judgment.

The light of the room, subdued though it was, seemed to vex him, and he plunged his face into his hands. Suddenly there was a slight stir, as of a woman's dress moving, then two cool, soft hands took hold of his and drew them from his eyes. She was kneeling there by him as he had knelt by her.

"Don't be vexed with me," she said, holding one of his hands in hers.

"It is I who have vexed you," he replied.

"We are neither of us vexed with the other, now," she answered, and her tones were low and thrilling—subtle as a caress. She looked into his with those wonderful eyes of hers—those eyes which seemed to draw his whole soul out to her, while the touch of her hand flooded all his veins with passion. With a great effort—for the better part of the man was rousing within him, and doing battle with his temptation—he turned his eyes away. Then the sweet magnetic voice, which seemed to have come nearer, said:

"Will you not even look at me?"

He turned his eyes; their faces were very close together. Neither of them spoke; but the same thought must have been in both hearts. Can the needle help turning to the North Pole? or rivers help flowing to the sea? Their lips yearned, but kept aloof. Then they drew closer together till they almost touched. Then they clove together, in one long, ardent, strenuous kiss.

"Your place should be my place," said Serge, as he raised Mrs. Featherstone from the ground, his whole blood in tumult. She took the seat, and he knelt by her, holding her hands and at times covering them with kisses.

How the time had flown! The clock on the mantel-piece struck six. They started.

"You must go at once," said Zuleika, "as I shall only have time to dress for dinner.



We are dining out to-night. I wish we were not, my head pains me so."

"We could not read much to-day," said Serge; "can we resume to-morrow?"

"Yes," she answered, very gently, and again their lips came together.

Serge Zenbrowsky passed from the rose-scented room and hastened down the stairs. In the hall he met Featherstone, who shook him warmly by the hand and expressed his great pleasure at seeing him once again.

"I was just on the point of giving you up as an inexplicable mystery," he said, in his frank, genial voice, "when my wife had the good fortune to run up against you. Horribly sorry I can't ask you to stay to dinner, but we dine out. Have an iced brandy and soda before you go out into the heat. What, you won't? Well, a willful man must have his own way, I suppose. Good-bye till the next time, and mind that is to be soon."

"Surely, surely," said Serge, who was extremely ill at ease. He was relieved to find himself in the open air. He walked without knowing whither he went. He was conscious of things about him, but conscious as one may be in a trance. He saw the shops, the moving multitudes, the whirling vehicles, but as through a veil of fire; and as through a veil of sound he heard the turmoil of the streets—the tramp of feet, the thunder of wheels, the cry of flower-girls at street corners.

"Now, then, roses—beautiful moss-roses, only two a penny!"

He walked along like one possessed, seeming to feel Zuleika's lips still on his, the blood in his veins coming and going violently. What wonderful thing was this which had come to pass and changed all life for him? Zuleika had suffered him to kiss her—nay, had returned his kiss, and that not coldly. What did it mean? Could she love him? Did she love him? And what would the end of it be? He was too drunken with the strong, potent draught of joy he had drained to go deeply into any of these questions. He whispered to himself:

"To-morrow will come, and then, oh my queen, my one adorable woman, I shall see you again. Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet lips!"

A thousand times that evening he enacted over to himself the scene of the afternoon,

lingering lovingly on every least detail. The sun had set and the clear dusk fallen, when a sudden faintness reminded him that he had not dined. He went into a brightly lighted restaurant and ordered some dinner with a bottle of champagne to accompany it.

"Bring the champagne at once," he cried, and it being brought he drank off a couple of glasses feverishly. After dinner, being altogether too restless to sit still, he resumed his walk about the streets, smoking cigarette after cigarette. It was past one in the morning, when having through absent-mindedness missed his way many a time, he found himself within his hotel. He went straight to his room, undressed and flung himself on his bed, yet not to sleep, but to dream with open eyes of Zuleika.

In a couple of hours light was visible. Then he threw open the window and let in a little shiver of cool air. How still it was, though at this early hour there were rumors of awakening life. What would this day bring forth for him, he wondered. He watched the shimmer on the sky strengthen until it became perfect, unmistakable, absolute light. How gradually and how wonderfully it expanded. The east was suffused with a rosy flush, from which the sun broke suddenly—a pure gold flower of flame.

At breakfast he and Orloff met. Orloff's manner was not unfriendly, but they did not talk much. Orloff observed to himself a certain wild look about his friend, and that he took little breakfast, but he said nothing, and divided his attention between his morning's letters and the newspaper, only saying once, as he glanced up:

"You make a mistake not to eat. One needs to, especially this weather, to keep up one's strength."

"Thanks, thanks," responded Serge, "I'm all right. Eat or not, hot or cold weather, I am always well."

He rose, and going to the piano played some Russian airs with intense emotion. They were the airs of passionate love-songs. It was early yet, and he knew not how to pass the time until the longed-for hour of meeting should come. It would be of no interest to follow his movements until four o'clock, when he found himself again ascending the stairs of the Featherstones' house.



Mrs. Featherstone received him, as usual, in her own especial sitting-room. She wore a dress which looked soft as a summer cloud.

"Another torrid day," she said, when the door was closed; "hotter, I think, than yesterday."

Serge assented, and then coming over to where she was sitting he took her hand and raised it to his lips.

"We must read," she said, in her low, too quiet voice. "I have a fancy to read you again from the book I read you the first afternoon you came to study with me—'Swinburne's Songs before Sunrise.' Get it for me from the book-shelf, please."

He brought it to her, and again she read those words of fiery denunciation and of love not less fervid.

"Well," she said, having finished, "do you find the poem as horrible as you did?"

"No," he cried impetuously, "you have bewitched me. Your thoughts shall be my thoughts. Henceforth you shall be my religion."

"That is good," she said, and gave him her hand, and leaned so close to him that her soft hair touched his face. He kissed her, and under the pressure of his lips she thrilled to her finger-tips. He threw his arm round her. For a moment she seemed to yield; then she shuddered, and drew herself away, saying:

"Serge, we must not. It is wrong—hateful! What must you not think of me?"

"I know," he answered, throwing himself before her, "I know that I adore you—that my whole life is now centred in you. I have not closed my eyes all night for thinking of you. When I am with you I am in heaven; when I am away from you I am in hell!"

She leaned forward and smoothed his hair, saying:

"You have pretty hair. I like the warm gold lights that come and go in it."

"Zuleika," he said, almost fiercely, "you owe me something."

"Have I given you nothing?" she asked, a shade of reproach in her tone.

"Yes," he replied, "my heart knows you have; but I strove to fly from you, and you brought me back. I was frightened of you, of myself, and of what I felt for you, but

with Ivan Orloff's help I resisted your spell. After seeing you again at Vera Lapinski's—after we had touched hands in the garden, I made four English lines of poetry.

"Tell them to me," she said, an accent of sweet sovereignty in her voice.

And he recited, his voice quivering just a little:

"Because I am so very near your feet,  
Oh love, forbear:  
One look more tender or one word more sweet,  
And I am there!"

"Was it not lawful of me to bring back my best friend?" she asked.

"Did you go to the house for that purpose, only?"

"Yes. What other interest could I have in visiting such a house as *that*? I heard you were avoiding all your London friends, but were to be met with there, where you had fallen in love with a beautiful young Russian lady, and I resolved that despite this most beautiful young Russian lady, I would not be wholly forsaken. Did you go to see her last evening?"

"She is no more to me than the commonest woman in the street."

"But, surely, you flirted with her?"

"I did, I confess it," he answered; "I did whatever I could to divert my mind from my grief."

"I don't think your feelings are very deep," she remarked, coldly, taking her hand out of his; "I don't think a real grief would think diversion *possible*."

"I," he rejoined, "found it to be impossible, but I struggled."

"And failed?"

"Yes, failed horribly."

He strove to kiss her, but she averted her face and said "*No*."

At that moment the door-handle turned. Serge rose instantly, and Mr. Featherstone walked in.

"I hope I am not breaking in upon your reading," he said, when he had shaken hands with Zenbrowsky, "but I wanted a word with you, my dear, about those last papers from the society. I believe you have them?"

Yes, Mrs. Featherstone had them; and having produced them she sank gracefully into a chair and said, as she waved her fan softly to and fro:



"Ralph, I am proud to say we have made yet another convert to the one great cause."

"His name?" asked Featherstone.

"His name," said Zuleika, "is Serge Accolaivitch Zenbrowsky!"

"We may indeed congratulate ourselves and our friends. And you, my dear fellow, you will not repent having chosen to take the right path; and when the whirlwind comes, as come it will, you will not be among those that it destroys."

He had been speaking with his arm on the young man's shoulder. Now he shook him warmly by both hands, saying, as he did so, "Brother!"

"Yes," answered Serge, not daring to look in the direction of Zuleika, "brothers in the noble cause of liberty! Down with tyrants!"

"And with all the friends of tyrants," said Mrs. Featherstone, speaking very slowly.

"Well," said Featherstone, "I have an engagement now and must hurry away to it, but we shall meet again at dinner. 'You'll stop and dine with us, of course, if you have nothing better to do?'"

Serge, however, excused himself; he had no wish to partake of this man's hospitality.

"Why won't you dine with us?" she asked, as soon as the door had closed upon her husband. "It is unkind of you not to."

"Do you think it would be very possible?" he answered.

"I don't know; I should think so," was her reply. "I don't know. Have we done more harm than to be a little foolish?"

"And I," answered Serge, with a sudden outburst of passionate energy—"I, to whom it means everything—for to you it is but play—well, I will be foolish no more. So may God help me! 'What is it that we say in Russia? 'Death only can take from a man his pride of soul.' I love you, and while we are in the same town I suppose I shall see you; but I will not, as you phrase it, be foolish. I have some strength of moral nature left yet."

"Yes," she said, "it is better so;" and her voice was like beautiful, broken music. She sat quite still, her eyes bent upon the ground.

"I am sorry you will not stay for dinner," she went on. "Mr. Featherstone is going

to Liverpool to-morrow for a week, and when he comes back we shall be going out of town for some months, so that this will be your only opportunity for a long time to come of having any talk with him."

Serge said he was sorry, too, but the thing was impossible. He caught her hands, which drew him toward her.

"Good-bye," he said.

"Good-bye," she answered, though the tone in which the word was uttered made it an invitation to stay. But he disregarded it, and withholding his lips from hers with a supreme effort and letting go her hands, he went from the room and from the house. Ivan Orloff had known his friend well when he had said to him that he was not the man to carry such an affair out to its ultimate issues without losing more, by way of remorse, than he could hope to gain. Orloff noticed the haggard eyes of his secretary, but said nothing. He was biding his time.

For the next two days, when Serge could have seen all he wished of Zuleika, her husband being absent, he kept himself even from the *direction* of the Featherstones' house; but the strain was tremendous, and to ease it he drank heavily. On the third day he could stand it no longer; and long before the hour had come for conventional calls, he found himself once more in Mrs. Featherstone's boudoir. The servant brought word that she would be with him in a few minutes. The happy room seemed, like his heart, permeated with the memory of her presence. The impress of her individuality was on all things there. He was lost in such reflections when the door opened and she came in.

"Good-morning," she said; "I thought you had forgotten me, and how lonely I should be."

"No," he replied, bitterly; "I don't forget so easily—more's the pity!"

"You look ill," she said. "Tell me what has been the matter."

"The matter is that I have been drinking too much, making a beast of myself, because I said I would not come to see you, and I had to borrow strength from alcohol to carry out this resolution for two days only. What do you think of me?"

"Why, I think you were foolish not to



come to me, if you wanted to do so very much that to keep away made you drink more than you should have done."

"I think I was," he returned; "but if you had seen my struggles to be strong you would have been sorry for me."

"I am sorry for both of us," she answered.

"What have you to be sorry for?" he asked. "It is nothing to you. It is death to me."

"Serge," she said, with a flash of genuine pride, "you insult one. What do you take me for? Do you think I would let any man hold my hand, or kiss my lips, as I have let you do, except for one thing, which, shameful as it is to confess, is still less shameful than the lack of all womanly modesty which your words would impute to me. It is my calamity to love you."

"Ah, forgive me," cried the distracted man. "I meant only that your love could not be like mine, because I love you so wildly."

He came near, and tried to draw her to him, but she put him away, saying:

"No—you said you would be foolish no more. You will be sorry afterward. Be content to see me as my other friends do. Shall we read now?"

Like a madman he turned from her, and sprang toward the door. He was in one of those moods that will not brook a moment's trifling, but before his hand fell on the handle he heard the low command of recall:

"Come here!"

She was standing in the centre of the room, tall and beautiful, with her arms reached out to him. In another moment they were locked in a close embrace. Their lips sealed fast upon each other.

"My darling, my darling," she moaned between her kisses, "how have I borne these days without you?"

"They have been days of torment to me," he replied.

Serge staid that day to lunch, and drove afterward with Mrs. Featherstone in the park, where, owing to the lateness of the season, only a few vehicles were observable. But one man saw them, himself unseen, and that man was Orloff.

Returning from the drive, Serge did not part company with Mrs. Featherstone, but

staid to dinner, and they were happy, with a feverish reckless happiness.

Zuleika had never looked more lovely. Her dinner dress left bare to the elbows her splendid arms. A diamond cross shone against her glorious throat. In her dark hair she had a blood-red rose.

After dinner, and when they had had coffee, he asked her to sing to him; and going to the piano she sang:

"Bid me to live, and I will live,  
Thy Protestant to be;  
Or bid me love, and I will give  
A loving heart to thee."

"Why do you always sing that song?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered. "I suppose partly because I like it, and partly because it might be useful some day."

"How could it be useful, except in the way of enjoyment?" he said with a laugh.

"Well, I hardly know myself, but it might be. I might be a second Pippa, you know: the girl in one of Browning's poems. She is heard to sing when other people's lives are just reaching their most critical situations, and the sound of her voice changes them all. But *she* was a good girl, this little Pippa, so her influence was good

'God's in his heaven,  
All's right with the world.'

I wonder what *my* influence would be?"

"To madden," was his prompt response.

"Do you think so?" she said softly. "I wonder how mad I could make you? But it is late for you to be here when I am all alone. You must go."

He took her hand and kissed it—then the fair strong arm, and then the perfect mouth. He whispered something in her ear, to which she answered:

"I love you. All the same there is a price to pay, and the price is not gold."

"Whatever the price be," he cried, "I will pay it."

"Will you?" she said. "Well, to-morrow we shall see. Now, kiss me once more and go."

So it was thus that they parted.

Neither of them slept much that night. Indeed, Serge could not do anything but pace up and down his room. As it would not be well for him to spend so much time



at Mrs. Featherstone's house, in her husband's absence, it was agreed that they should meet at ten o'clock in Kensington Gardens, at which place Serge arrived some time in advance of that hour. At length the figure he knew so well came in sight.

"You look tired, my darling," he said, as he drew her hand within his arm, and they walked away together.

"Yes," she answered, "I am tired. Yesterday was a happy day, but hardly a restful one, was it?"

"No, Heaven knows it was *not*!" he cried, very genuinely.

"I have a carriage waiting," she said. "Where shall we drive to?"

After a little debate they decided to drive to Epping Forest, where they could walk or sit undisturbed in the densest part of the wood. As they drove along Serge asked:

"What is it I must do for you?"

"I will tell you this evening," she said, "and not before."

"You will keep me all that time in the agony of suspense."

"Suspense!" she echoed. "How can it be suspense if you still think, as you did last night, that no price would be too great to pay? Were those words only meant to sound well? I had believed them."

"They were but the strictest truth," he cried, "and I say them again—feeling them even more intensely than I did then."

The weather was still brilliant, but, arrived at Epping Forest, they had small difficulty in procuring all the shade they desired; and there, under the vast elms and beeches, Serge lay at the feet of his queen and worshiped her, holding her hands, gazing up into her eyes, while she would lean low to kiss his face or to let her cool fingers meet about his throat.

They returned to London rather sooner than they had anticipated, for, as the sunlight faded, the small wind which had been playing among the tree-boughs dropped dead, and awful silence and dread expectancy reigned over everything. One could not quite tell when it would break, but it was evident that a storm was gathering.

So Serge and Zuleika hastened back to town. Shortly before reaching her own

house she alighted and dismissed the carriage.

"Farewell for a little while," she said.

He held long and lovingly the exquisitely gloved hand and relinquished it with a sigh, saying, as he did so:

"And you think it better for me not to come till just dinner time?"

"I am sure it is."

"Well, my lady, I do your will in all things. Two weary hours! They will seem an age."

"Write me a little more poetry. Do you remember

'Because I am so very near your feet,  
O love forbear;  
One look more tender or one word more sweet,  
And I am there.'

Now, keep me standing no longer. This close weather makes me feel faint."

Serge walked about the deserted park for an hour. Then he went to his hotel and dressed for dinner. Having accomplished this, he walked to Mrs. Featherstone's with a quickly beating heart, asking himself again and again what she could want of him. Certainly nothing that he would withhold. For the moment he seemed to have stupefied his conscience. He was traveling, indeed, through a land of desperately sweet and dangerous romance. After all, romance does exist outside the covers of the "Arabian Nights."

The atmospherical effect of the evening was to soften all the outlines of the metropolis, and to give it a strange, dreamlike appearance. There was that intense stillness in the air through which the least sound is audible and seems to acquire a special significance. The postman's knock, heeded at no other time by the passer-by, seems to him, in breaking such stillness, like the shock of doom. From your drawing-room you can almost overhear the conversation of the people who pass under your windows, while those passing can hear, perchance, the notes of a piano almost as distinctly as if they were in the room.

Entering the drawing-room Serge started, as Zuleika came forward to meet him. For, magnificent as her beauty always was, it had never appeared till now to such superb advantage. The dress she had put on was of



some diaphanous material, and fitted her figure to perfection, revealing all its wonderful and gracious outlines. On her wrists were large broad bands of gold clasped with rubies. A red rose again glowed in her bosom, and one shone in the folds of her dark hair.

"Well," she said, marking the thrill of unspoken admiration in his look, "does my dress become me?"

"I never saw you look so beautiful before, and that I can tell you is saying a great deal. It is small wonder that I should love you as I do." And he drew her close to him, his eyes feeding greedily on her face.

"Do you know," he said, "it seems to me now that I never really lived till I loved you? I had dream-loves, I had dream-friends, always excepting Orloff; *he* was, from the first, a real and very important factor in my life. I have told you how much I owe to him."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Featherstone, "you have told me."

And they went down to dinner. Oddly enough Mrs. Featherstone was more of an epicure than her husband, for whom the plainest fare served. She delighted in all manner of daintily made dishes. But for this there would have been no expensive French cook in the Featherstone establishment, for the master of the house, though wealthy, held that the individual had no right to spend unduly upon himself while there were so many starving thousands in the world. But to his wife he could deny nothing, and for his extravagance in her behalf he tried to make up by practising, as regarded himself, the most rigid economy. Mrs. Featherstone was one of those women who could passionately resent any act of oppression, but she failed to realize, as her husband did, what an immense amount of the world's misery might be lessened if the rich would only combine to forego a few of their luxuries.

Good to see was the dining-table, with its soft damask, its profusion of glass and silver, its noble epergne in the centre, filled with the choicest flowers.

"Why, you have prepared us quite a banquet," observed Serge, as dish after dish of the most tempting description was handed

round; "and your wines are simply perfection—but you do no justice to either, yourself."

"No, I have not much appetite; I am always painfully affected when there is thunder in the air."

"Which there certainly is to-night," he said, tossing off a glass of champagne, "though I fancy the storm won't burst till later;" but at that moment a brilliant flash of lightning made them both start. It was followed, at a long interval, by a low growl of thunder.

At length the repast terminated.

"I shall not be long after you," he said, as he held the door open for her to pass out.

"Don't," she answered, "for I shall be lonely."

Serge went back to the table, and gazed at the chair she had so recently occupied, as if he saw her beauty still gracing it. He filled himself a glass of the splendid claret, and began drinking it slowly, like a man on whom good wine is not thrown away. He had already taken as much as he should have done, but in those two days when, having resolved not to go to see her, he had called alcohol to his aid, he seemed to have contracted the pernicious habit of having recourse to stimulants. Love, however, was a greater temptation than wine, and he lingered but a brief space. Yet those were blissful and strange moments when he sat there in the softly-lighted dining-room, heart and blood aglow with love and wine. He was in just that stage of excitement from wine when everything—either joy or pain—is felt most intensely. The mystery which was about to be solved, of what great service it lay in his power to render the object of his adoration, had an infinite fascination for him, and lent glamour to the occasion. From the drawing-room, Mrs. Featherstone sang:

"Bid me to live, and I will live,  
Thy Protestant to be;  
Or bid me love, and I will give  
A loving heart to thee."

This finished, she broke into the mad, thrilling notes of the "Marseillaise." So wholly lost was she in this, so carried away and possessed by the stormy spirit of it, that she did not know of a presence in the



room till he joined with her in singing the chorus.

"It stirs my blood," she said. "I think if I could always hear that just at the right moment, I should be enabled to do just what I wanted to."

She had left the piano and had seated herself near the window.

"If you are seeking air, sweetheart," said Serge, "I am afraid you will not find it," and he cast himself at her feet, leaning his arms upon her lap. "And now, you know, you have something to tell me."

"Yes, I have promised to tell you to-night, and so I will, but not just yet."

She took both his hands and pressed them lovingly against her fair neck, and said, in a voice which passion seemed to have rendered slumbrous:

"Are you as much in love with me as you were yesterday? Say only what is true."

"More, more, more! Every minute I pass with you I am more beside myself with love for you. What I have to do for you you may count upon having done swiftly."

Then he raised himself to kiss those sweet and subtle lips.

"No other woman *could* be as beautiful as you are," he said.

"But," she answered, "many women are better to see. My great friend was"—and here her voice quivered a little—"was incomparably more beautiful. Hers was a sad fate, as was her father's."

"Ah, let's have nothing sad to-night," he said, leaning his face upon her hand.

"We must, my darling," she answered, "for those I speak of concern us closely. Their fate is inseparable from what you have to do for me."

"Well, tell me, then," he answered, feverishly; "this unrest is driving me mad."

"My great girl friend," began Zuleika, "was a young Russian lady of the name of Ellen Vikentiorna. I loved well her father, a guileless, gray-headed old courtier, devoted to the person of the Czar. He had one mortal enemy in Paul Ostrinski, a man who had been a suitor for his daughter's hand. As his persistent advances were objectionable to both father and child, the father, Nicolas Rudinseff, dismissed him one day

violently, and ever after had denied him admission.

"Ostrinski conceived and carried out his scheme of vengeance, to which he confessed on his death-bed. He contrived to obtain possession of some revolutionary documents. These he managed to secrete in one of Rudinseff's private receptacles for papers, with this," and Mrs. Featherstone took from the table a small sheathed dagger, on the hilt of which two Russian letters were engraved.

"These letters stand for Revolutionary Committee," she added. "How this came into my possession does not matter. It would be a long story to tell. Ostrinski's next step was to give information to the police, as to what they would discover in the house. One night, when it was occupied only by the servants, a search was made; the papers and weapon were discovered, and on Rudinseff's return to his house he was arrested. He was tried for Nihilism, but feeling at Court was in his favor. He was known to have been so long devoted to the Czar, that somehow or other he would have been cleared but for one man—" she paused and then said, "Orloff, whose influence was then rapidly making itself felt. Though then but a young man, he maintained that clemency in the face of such evidence would be a bribe to any member of the household who should become disaffected. In the end he prevailed and Rudinseff was condemned to death. He took his sentence calmly enough, only saying, 'The Czar will be sorry for this, some day.' But his child, who was in court, was frenzied with grief. She denounced the Czar as a tyrant and invoked curses on him and his. She was at once taken into custody. Still, on the whole, she would have been leniently dealt with but for Orloff, who declared it necessary that she should be made an example of. The devilish knout was used, and that not sparingly. Of the shame and torture of it she died, the day after they had murdered her father.

"It is horrible," cried Serge. "Orloff has much to answer for—but how does this affect us?"

"I will tell you," she answered, leaning her face close to his, "the daughter was my sister."



"You are Russian," he cried, starting.

"Yes—your countrywoman. Have I not kept the secret well? My sister was many years older than I. My mother fled with me to England, where we had relations. I was not considered a stupid child. I studied hard, and soon acquired a good knowledge of English. When I was about sixteen I met Mr. Featherstone at a democratic society, of which I was a zealous member. I told him my story, and we became fast friends. At the end of two years we mar-

"You must stop this loathsome life, that it may do no more evil. You must avenge my murdered father and sister. Use this dagger, and suspicion will never fall upon you."

Mechanically he seized the dagger, and then sprang up with a sharp cry of horror.

"No!" he hissed between his set teeth.

"This I will not do. Go elsewhere to find your paid assassins. I am not one. Murder my protector! the man to whom I owe everything; the man who was to me as a father!



"No!" he hissed between his set teeth. "This I will not do. Go elsewhere to find your paid assassins."

ried. We thought it best that my Russian birth should be kept in the background."

"But tell me," he cried, "what am I to do? In what way can I help you?"

"Kiss me first," she said. He did so, and that kiss, sweeter than any they had yet interchanged, stormed all his veins with violent delight. He strained her to him, saying:

"Oh, my heaven of love, my queen, my wonder among women!—ah, what, what is there that I would not do for you? Now tell me."

Then she said, almost in a whisper, while her eyes shone:

VOL. II.—No. 2.—42

Oh, Orloff, you were right, you were right! Among what people have I fallen? But, oh, witness, heaven, that when this woman revealed her true self to me I cast her from me as if she had been a snake—yes, I would have trodden her under my feet! It was for this foul end that she spoke so softly, kissed so sweetly—that through passion she might degrade me to the rank of a hired assassin, and she—this woman—her fair base self to be the price! It is too horrible for man to endure the thought of!"

During this outburst Mrs. Featherstone had sat perfectly still, her hands locked tight in one another.



"Have you ceased vituperating me?" she inquired, when he paused, shaken to his heart's centre, all the blood drained from his face.

"In words, yes," he answered, "but in my thoughts, never. Now we part, and I trust that by the grace of God we may never meet again."

"I have a presentiment that it will be otherwise," she said. "I wish to tell you one thing, which is that my husband is in the most absolute ignorance of what you have been pleased to term my '*baseness*.' His regard for you and interest in you were perfectly genuine."

"I would I had never met you," he groaned, restlessly moving the dagger to and fro in its sheath.

"Its blade is as keen as hate," she observed. He moved to the door. He struggled to leave the room without again looking in her direction, but it was in vain. He was constrained to turn and look once again at her superb beauty. Her wonderful eyes were regarding him with a slow, compelling gaze. He strove to meet that look with one of proud defiance. For a minute or two there was between them a battle of looks—before hers his faltered, and finally became abashed. By the force of her irresistible magnetism she drew him to herself. In spite of his will he walked to where she was sitting. Then he said:

"You are very wicked, but you are very beautiful."

She raised her face. He caught her to him and kissed her, again and again, desperately. Then he threw her from him, saying:

"For the last time, for the last time!"

He went quickly to the door. Before he had reached it a light hand fell upon his shoulder, the perfume of a rose was near him, and a voice whispered in his ear:

"Remember!"

"Do you think," he returned, "that I am likely to forget?"

As Serge quitted the Featherstones' house, the storm which had been so long gathering burst in its uttermost fury. An immense crash of thunder seemed to shake the world to its foundations. A blaze of lightning, which for a moment seemed to

sear the eyeballs, suggested to one the fiery sword which guarded once the gates of Paradise. Then the rain came down with what seemed a shout of exultation. There was a universal shutting up of windows, and sound of hurrying feet, and a frequent demand for four-wheelers. But wholly indifferent to fire, water or thunder, Serge Zenbrowsky walked on his way, realizing only that this woman whom he had so madly idolized had sought to bribe him to commit a murder.

Orloff was sitting writing important state letters of advice when Serge walked in out of the storm. A decanter of brandy stood on the table. He filled a glass and drained it, and then stood regarding his friend, who in his turn regarded him intently.

"What's the matter?" he asked, and not unkindly; "you look half like a ghost and half like a madman."

"Orloff," said the other, "I have come back to you. You were right in all you said!"

Orloff rose, and taking the other by the hand, said:

"I knew it must be so in the end. I have been waiting for this. As I cannot leave town just now, I have this day taken a pleasant house at Richmond, where I hope to pass much time. The change for you will be better than no change at all."

"Yes, much better," assented the wretched man, who turned and went straight to his own room, but not to sleep.

The day which followed was like many another day succeeding a thunderstorm—gray and windy, and inclined to rain. A terrible and depressing sense of reaction is produced by a day so uninteresting occurring after an event so vital as a thunderstorm. Even a day of unmitigated rain is less commonplace than this sort of gray, bleak, uncomfortable day, unfortunately met with so often in our English summers—a day when one is chill without a fire, and too warm with one—a day to depress even a cheerful man.

Zenbrowsky and Orloff remained indoors till late in the afternoon engaged in preparing and copying certain papers. At five o'clock they left town and dined at Orloff's villa at Richmond. It was not the right kind of evening on which to have tried such



an experiment for just appreciation. The house, before everything else, demanded fine weather. It was emphatically a summer retreat. It stood at the end of a long garden well lined with trees, through which the wind this night made the most melancholy sound. The dining-room opened on the garden by a French window. It was a pretty room, fantastically but coldly furnished. The establishment boasted a good cook, so that the dinner in itself was fairly successful, but those who partook of it were in no condition to appreciate even the best viands. Serge tried to provoke some sort of life into himself by drinking freely of the good wine, with the result of becoming for a short time feverishly excitable, after which he collapsed, and throwing himself on the sofa was soon sound asleep and breathing heavily.

"Poor boy, poor boy," mused the statesman, regarding the young man's flushed cheeks; "too much wine! I must send him off as soon as I can." He went on with the letters he was writing; and as the night wore on, and Serge showed no signs of awakening, Orloff cast a rug over him, and went to his own sleeping apartment. When Serge awoke at last it was with throbbing temples, and the strange sense of being in an unfamiliar room.

The chill light of dawn was creeping in at the window; a cock crew violently, and was answered faintly by a friend, either too sleepy or at too great a distance to make much effect with his return salutation.

Zenbrowsky had been dreaming vaguely of Mrs. Featherstone, and as he lay there he was possessed by a distracting sense of her personal presence. The dagger which she had put into his hands remained in the breast-pocket of his coat. It had a curious fascination for him, as being something that her hand had touched, for the potency of her charm was still upon him, though mentally he recoiled from her in horror.

He laid the dagger lightly upon his throat, with the fancy that it was her hand. Then he said, pressing his fingers upon his burning forehead: "'Death only can take from a man his pride of soul.' Last night is not the first time, lately, that I have taken too much wine; surely I am not going to let myself fall into this snare!"

He looked in a kind of dazed, hopeless manner about the room, threw his arms above his head, rose, and, opening the window, passed out into the garden. The damp, cool air upon his face was grateful to him. Through the strengthening light a few birds were beginning to sing dubiously. He regarded with aching eyes the wet trees and bushes and the forlorn garden-paths. He drew out his cigar-case and began to smoke and to think of Mrs. Featherstone—only ten miles away, yet whom he should never see again. Oh, but her lips had been sweet to kiss!

As the morning grew, it improved, and when all the birds were well awake and up to their day's work, fair, settled summer weather seemed to have commenced again.

Serge went indoors, took a cold bath, but appeared at breakfast hollow-cheeked and haggard-eyed. Through the day Orloff kept him actively employed. After dinner the two friends went for a walk up the hill so famous in song. This hill is a great rendezvous for sweethearts of the shopocracy. As these walked together or lingered on benches set by the way, they seemed to Serge like soul-friends—for were they not in the mystic land of love and romance? Orloff told his best stories, of which he had quite a store. Serge laughed when the stories were of a humorous kind, but his laughter was too faint or too violent to be genuine. The excessive laughter with which a man occasionally receives your good story is sometimes a sign of inattention. At length Serge broke out with:

"It's no good pretending; I can't for one moment get away from the thought of her! I know not whether I most hate or most love her. All I know is that I can think of nothing else, and that to think of her is such torture that I drink more than I should just to escape from it."

"It is difficult for me to spare you just now," replied Orloff, "but I see you require change. You shall start for France to-morrow."

Zenbrowsky accepted the proposition gladly. But when the morning came he could not tear himself away from the country in which all the interest of his life was centred, so he assured Orloff that he was strong enough



not to have recourse to flight, and should be wretched, traveling by himself. He would wait till Orloff could leave London with him. Orloff had his doubts about his friend's strength, but he said nothing, and they fixed their departure for the first week in August.

Only those who have loved, where they most hated to do so, can form any proximate idea of what Serge underwent during those remaining weeks of July. He had two enemies to fight—his passion for Mrs. Featherstone, and his growing temptation to drink that he might forget her. Between the two he was storm-torn frightfully, in body and soul. He was sick, almost unto death, for the woman from whom he had flown; he was parched for the touch of her, the sound of her, the sight of her; with desire but once again to clasp her hand, but once again to feel her lips cling close to his. He would say to himself, it was true that she would have made an assassin of him, but had not her family suffered outrage at Orloff's hands? If she demanded much from him, was she not going to give much? At the thought, he broke out into grim laughter.

"What amuses you so?" inquired Orloff, looking up from what he was writing. Dinner was concluded, and the candles lighted, for the days were shortening perceptibly.

"You wouldn't appreciate the joke," replied Serge, pouring out some brandy.

"Not as well as you appreciate strong liquors, eh?" said Orloff, resuming his writing.

The night was warm and still, lit by a large, solemn-looking moon. The window of the room stood wide open, and in the garden could be heard the silvery cheeping of crickets.

"Oh, my God," groaned Serge to himself, "if only once again I could see her, or hear the sound of her voice!"

Hark, hark! Full and sweet and low, and fraught with unimaginable significance, up the garden-path, in the well-known and beloved voice, floated these words:

"Bid me to live and I will live,  
Thy Protestant to be;  
Or bid me love and I will give  
A loving heart to thee."

Serge started as if a ghost had spoken to him, but instantly controlled himself.

"That woman must be singing just outside our garden, I should think," remarked Orloff, who was no musician. "She seems to have a fine voice. Well, I shall write no more to-night; I think what I have written will help to rivet the chains on the dogs who would be our masters, unless we took them with a strong hand; still, at the best one is crippled, in these days of social reforms, such as your sweet friends the Featherstones further."

Hark, hark! the song is dying away slowly in the distance.

"She has learned, then," said Serge to himself, "where I have retired. She has followed me. Did she assume, in spite of all that I have said, that the compact is still binding? Is she still ready to fulfill her share of it?"

The thought maddened him.

"How," he asked himself, "if she should be right after all, and Orloff's influence a curse to his country? Was personal friendship sufficient cause for withholding his hand? Then, again, suppose there was no country in the question; she had been cruelly wronged by Orloff. Was not his first duty to her—his supreme lady?"

With such like arguments he played, as sick men play with strange fancies.

The next night at the same hour, that is to say, between ten and eleven, the wonderful voice was heard again. Serge sprang up with a convulsive cry. Then he darted from the room and went to the back of the house. When he returned to the dining-room the voice was silent.

"If you can spare me," he said to Orloff, "I will go to London to-morrow for a day or two."

"To fall into old temptations?"

"No, that I give you my word," adding to himself, "rather to fly from them."

"Yes, I can spare you, if you will wait till the last train. By that time I shall have some important papers ready which I shall like you to leave with your own hand at the Russian embassy. I hope that, in a week's time, we shall be free to go where we like."

"God grant it may be so!" said Serge,



devoutly. "If not out of this hell soon, I shall die or go mad."

Orloff smiled cynically, as he remarked :

"Oh, you can stand more than you think—as I have known serfs to stand the knout. Men don't so easily lose their heads or their lives."

"But you don't know all," growled the other man, incensed at what he considered Orloff's levity.

"Possibly not," returned Orloff; "but human nature can bear a good deal, I know."

The next day was a busy one for Zenbrowsky. He spent it entirely in copying and writing at Orloff's dictation. At dinner he refreshed himself liberally with wine, and afterward lingered, talking in a wild, excited strain, which after all made Orloff half fear for his reason. At length, seeing that it wanted but a few minutes to train time, he rang the bell and directed one of the servants to bring down his light hand-portmanteau. He then took a hasty leave of Ivan Orloff, and strode away through the warm night air. As he was making his way to the station a sudden fit of dizziness seized him, and he leaned for support against a wall. The unpleasant sensation did not last long, but it left him weak, and in a profuse perspiration. He could walk but slowly, and reaching the station found he had missed his last train. There was nothing for him then but to return. Could he have secured a carriage at that time of night to drive so far, what a wearisome affair it would have been; and, though the thought was one which made him tremble, still it was sweet—he might again hear that voice!

When he returned to the house he found Orloff sitting where he had left him, leaning back in his chair wearily, his eyes half closed. Serge related his misadventure, but received little sympathy from Orloff, who observed :

"It's the wine that's doing it, or rather the brandy. If you are too great a coward to face life like a man, you'll be dead of it soon. It has been for some time on my mind to speak, and now I have spoken."

"And you can go to the devil for your pains," replied Serge, drinking off a glass of brandy.

"I wouldn't be abusive," answered Orloff,

languidly; "there's too much difference in our ages for that, and then you might make me forget myself."

Zenbrowsky bit his lips and glared, but said nothing, and Orloff lapsed into his former condition of half slumber. Serge sat lost in his own reflections. He was desperate with desire for one woman. Hark, hark! it is her voice again; the voice with its subtle, potent, all-thrilling magic, more desperately sweet, more enthralling than ever:

"Bid me to live, and I will live,  
Thy Protestant to be;  
Or bid me love and I will give  
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,  
A heart as sound and free,  
As in the whole world thou can'st find,  
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it shall stay  
To honor thy decree;  
Or bid it languish quite away  
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep  
While I have eyes to see,  
And having none, yet I will keep  
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair  
Under that cypress tree;  
Or bid me die, and I will dare  
E'en death to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,  
The very eyes of me,  
And has command of every part  
To live and die for thee!"

As she sang, a vision of her as he had last seen her, in all her glory of beauty, seemed to rise before him. Oh, to clasp her close in his arms, to call her his, his very own, to banquet full of love!

And what stood between him and this paradise of passion? What but the life of the man who had just insulted him; the man, too, at whose instigation her father and sister had fallen? Should the chance go? A movement of his hand, and she would be his, and a curse to his country set aside. He set his teeth together and for a minute fought hard with himself. Then he drew his dagger from his coat-pocket, and sprang like a wild animal upon his victim, pressed one hand over Orloff's mouth, and drove the dagger into his heart, not once, but thrice. Then he cast it on the floor, and passed rapidly and noiselessly down the



garden. The night was dark, so that his advancing figure was not seen by a woman who was leaning against the garden gate, singing. Suddenly the gate opened from within, and a hand fell on hers, while a voice said in a hoarse whisper, which had something terrible in it:

"Kiss me. It's done. He will wrong no one any more now!"

"Is it indeed so?" she said, triumphantly; "you could not hide from me for long."

"And now," he said, when he had kissed her hungrily, "I have paid the price. When shall we meet in London?"

"Come to me to-morrow afternoon, in town," was her low reply, as freeing herself from him she vanished in the dark night. Serge stood for a moment as if uncertain what to do. He turned as if to re-enter the house, and then walked away in the direction of London.

When Featherstone returned from Liverpool, it was to find his wife so out of health that, at her request, he postponed till she should be stronger their holiday trip on the Continent, and took for her, again at her request, charming apartments at Richmond for the month of July. He suggested sea-air, or the life-giving hills around Dorking, but nothing would satisfy Mrs. Featherstone but Richmond. So thither she went, Featherstone dividing his time between that place and London, for he was one of those men who, if near the scene of action, must be taking part in it. On the morning following the events just chronicled, Mrs. Featherstone traveled up to London by an early train; reaching her house she went straight to her bedroom, and changed her simple traveling dress for one of rare costliness and beauty. Then she rang the bell and inquired if Mr. Featherstone were at home.

Yes; Mr. Featherstone was at home, and in his study. Thither, then, went Zuleika. So engrossed was her husband in what he was writing that he did not hear the door open. He started to see his wife standing beside him, sumptuously attired, with a look upon her face which he could not interpret.

"Yes," she said, in answer to an exclamation of surprise on his part, "I came up by an early train, because I had news to give you—great news! Do I look well?"

"You are beautiful at all times," he answered, "but what is your news?"

Then she came very close to him, and fixing her eyes on his, said:

"He is dead—my foe and Russia's! That which I have sought to accomplish I have brought about."

He sprang up and caught her hand, saying:

"What do you mean? Speak! Are you mad? What has happened?"

"No," she answered, proudly, "I am not mad. He has fallen, not by my hand, but by the hand of Zenbrowsky. I first stole his heart, and made him think I would be his when he had done this deed by which my murdered sister and father are avenged. This afternoon he will come to claim me, and I shall meet him in your presence, and never set eyes on him again."

She had spoken rapidly, and with desperate excitement, as if indeed her fulfilled vengeance had affected her brain.

Featherstone stood before her, his face white as a statue's, and as hard, and when he spoke there was something marble-hard in the tone of his voice:

"I know not which to shrink from more, you or the actual assassin. Of the two, I suppose you are the more deeply stained."

Then he burst out with a violent transition of manner, speaking with fearful concentration: "Leave me, woman! Your presence pollutes the air—I cannot breathe with you. Take off those clothes—for shame! Put on sackcloth, and scourge yourself, but leave me, leave me! Oh, that my eyes need never again look upon you—you whom I have so loved!"

A low cry broke from her as she turned and left the room. She had fancied that though her husband might have thought her over-zealous, on the whole he would have triumphed in her triumph.

Featherstone paced up and down his study distractedly, not heeding how the hours went by, saying to himself again and again that it could not be, and then realizing that it was.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when a figure he knew passed the window and ascended the steps of the house. Featherstone heard the door open and let in



Zenbrowsky, but he still paced up and down his room in silence. What was it to him what the assassin might have to say to the woman who shared his guilt?

Fast, indeed, did Serge's heart beat as he ascended the stairs. He opened the door and entered the little room he knew so well. The room lay in loving shadow. The blinds were lowered to keep out the light of the July sun, but the penetrative heat of it was not to be so resisted. The pretty Dresden clock on the mantel-piece ticked gently; flies buzzed in and out. The heavy, concentrated, slumbrous rest of a summer afternoon weighed upon everything. Mrs. Featherstone had yielded to it. She lay there on the sofa, her face turned from him, one arm hanging down indolently. The lace sleeves of her dress were full, disclosing a portion of the fair arm. He caught the shimmer of her dress, saw the abundant dark hair, so warm-looking against the red velvet pillow on which her head was resting. She was his, and he contemplated the outlines of her beauty with a rapture not unmixed with awe.

Approaching the couch on which she was reclining, he knelt down by it, and raising her hand pressed it to his lips. How softly cool it was even in the fervid heat! Then he whispered her name gently. She moved not. Well, he would wake her with a kiss! How deeply asleep she was, he thought, as he turned her reluctant face to him, his

eyes glowing with love's fire. They encountered hers, un conjecturing, inscrutable, more ironical in their horrible indifference to human joy or sorrow than any conscious look of scorn could have made them. A cry of horror and agony broke from his lips. On the ground, emptied of its contents, lay a phial of that poison of which ladies so well know the external use—but her eyes, if they had needed it, it would brighten never more.

Yes, he was too late. Go to, now, oh, lover, and wait for the lips which shall kiss you never more, for the fingers that shall wed no more with yours! That miracle of beauty and fragrance which set your pulses throbbing and made your heart beat faster, which filled you with desire at once so exquisite and poignant, had been given away most wholly to that grim love from whom there is no parting for evermore.

Featherstone was still pacing up and down, when a wild distraught face flashed beside him, and a voice hissed in his ear:

"Go to her; she is dead!"

That evening Serge Zenbrowsky surrendered himself for the murder of Ivan Orloff; on this charge he was duly tried, found guilty, and hanged.

Nihilists revere his memory as do Roman Catholics that of their saints—not so we, who know the nature of his martyrdom.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

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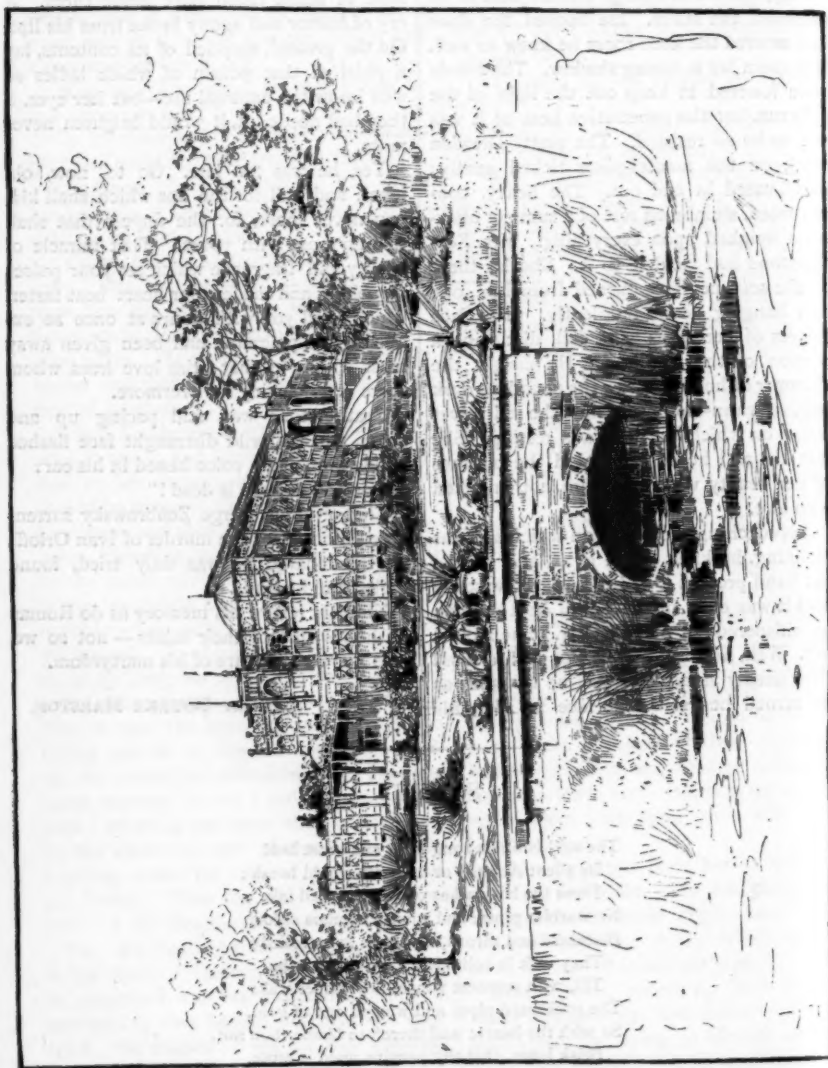
### SONNET.

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The soul is like a song-bird, and must hold  
 Its silent August, or its heart would break;  
 From the hot rushes of the unruffled lake  
 No warbler pipes, and where the elms enfold  
 Blackbird and thrush, no music is outrolled;  
 They wait in solitude and voiceless ache,  
 Till, with serenest winds, September wake  
 The enchanted pipes and winged age of gold.  
 So with the heart; and therefore blame thou not,  
 Brisk lover, that thy pensive maid is mute,  
 Wandering beside thee with a downcast air;  
 She is not heedless, nor thy love forgot,  
 But passion dons her dreamy autumn suit  
 To wake renewed in beauty, freshly fair.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.





HORTICULTURAL HALL, PHILADELPHIA.



## ONE OF PHILADELPHIA'S JEWELS.

IN the spring of 1876, and but a little while previous to the opening ceremonies of the Centennial celebration in Fairmount Park, there was finished a tasteful, elegant glass building in the moresque style of architecture—a spacious and conspicuous resort which still adorns the park—for the home of rare, choice plants. Under its friendly shade many a Centennial pilgrim and many a lover of nature's open book was charmed with the collection of tropical beauties brought within from various climes, primarily for the great exhibition. Some thousands of exotics were all as tenderly cherished as the most watchful parent would protect and care for his children. Ever since that year the care has been the same, and the results as shown to-day are more than gratifying. I do not forget that during the six years elapsed, these silent but eloquent *protégés* have enjoyed an absolute protection from every accident by rude elements, or that there has been a gradual increase in their number, by gift and by purchase. Yet everyone will exclaim with surprise at the remarkable scene of beauty and luxuriance which meets us in the Conservatory. On all sides it is so alluring as to change the most indifferent visitor into an enthusiast. The palm-trees, those "princes of the vegetable kingdom," are in themselves well worthy of a special visit, and under the same roof we find a distinct paradise among the ever-inviting and ever-wonderful ferns under perfect cultivation in the Fernery. The African palm in several varieties, the date palm, the wine palms from the East Indies, the handsome cocoanut palm, and the thatch palm, besides others of the beautiful *palmaceæ* order, so celebrated in ancient and modern times, are found here in all their glory of full and fascinating foliage. It is like a miniature forest with everything as fresh as if just from a bath of summer rain.

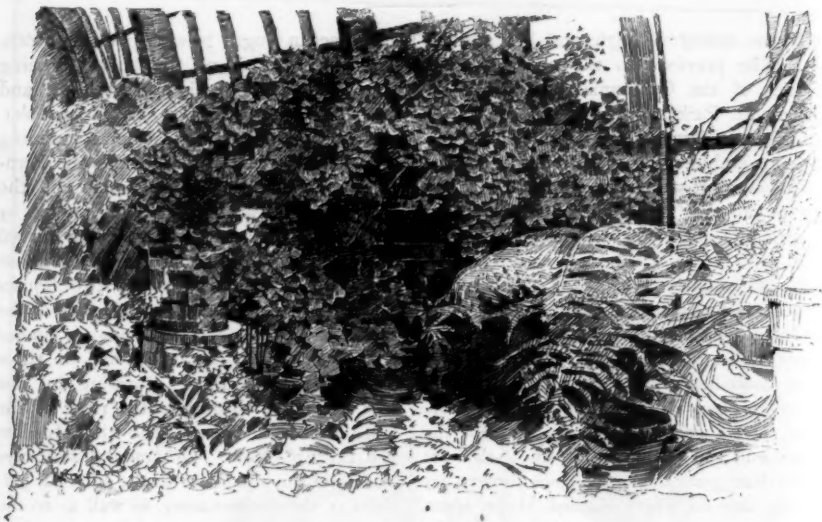
The space here so richly covered is the main floor, or hall, and is two hundred and

thirty feet in length by eighty feet in width, the entire length of the building being three hundred and eighty-three feet and the width one hundred and ninety feet. The four adjoining apartments opening from the large hall, which include the Fernery, the Temperate, the Economic and the Forcing houses, are each one hundred feet by thirty feet. These are covered with curved roofs of iron and glass. A vestibule about thirty feet square divides the two houses above mentioned on either side, and at the centre of the east and west ends are similar vestibules. Entrance may be had on three sides of the building. Entering by the west doors and turning to the right of the vestibule one may pass into the Museum and Lecture-room. Ornamental stairways lead from the vestibules to the internal galleries of the conservatory, as well as to the four exterior galleries, each one hundred feet long and ten feet wide, surmounting the roofs of the side apartments or hot-houses just mentioned. The external galleries connect with a grand promenade formed by the roofs of the rooms on the ground floor, which has a superficial area of eighteen hundred square yards. This spot, we might appropriately remark, shall be "renowned for palms." At the present time they all display themselves in the best possible condition. There is a fine specimen of the cocoanut palm, a famous species known as *Cocos nucifera*, and of extensive importance in tropical countries. It is widely cultivated for its useful qualities among the people who value every part of this tree, and allow nothing to go to waste from its fruit or its leaves. Of the fibre made from the outside rind or husk of the cocoanut, there has been exported to England in a single year over 81,000 hundredweight. The cocoanut palm has a cylindrical trunk, occasionally as much as two feet in diameter, and rising in its native soil to the height of sixty or one hundred feet. Here it is about twenty-five feet high. It is surmounted by



a crown of gracefully curved pinnate or feathery leaves, quite long, and composed of a tough, strong, central footstalk with numerous narrow, long and sharp-pointed

is very ornamental. A distinct variety of the wine palm (*Caryota furfuracea*) measures thirty feet in height and is eighteen feet in diameter. The *Seaforthia elegans*, a

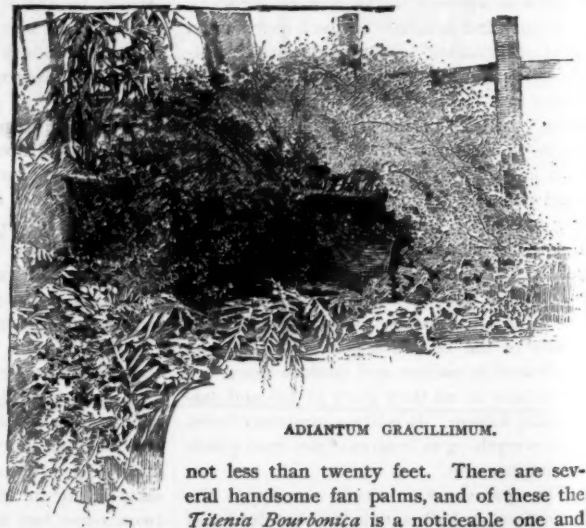


MAIDEN-HAIR FERN OF BARBADOES.

leaflets growing on both sides of it, producing the effect of a huge feather. The flowers are delicately white and not conspicuous, arranged on branching spikes of some length, and inclosed in a strong sheath, which is open on the under side. These flowers are succeeded by bunches containing from twelve to twenty fruits, the seed of which is familiar to us in the cocoanut.

The plumed cocoanut tree (*Cocos plumosa*), of Brazilian origin, has also a fine representative in the Conservatory, and cannot be overlooked. It has more native grace and beauty than its relative the *Cocos nucifera*. This specimen is all of thirty feet in height, and

native of tropical Australia, is a very graceful and beautiful palm, which has attained a height of thirty-five feet, its diameter being



ADIANTUM GRACILLIMUM.

not less than twenty feet. There are several handsome fan palms, and of these the *Titania Bourbonica* is a noticeable one and

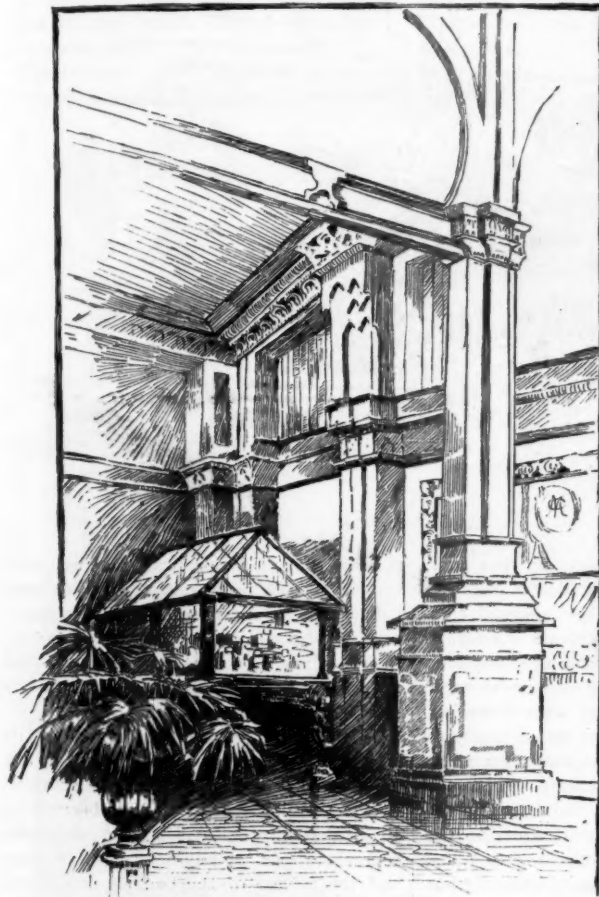


very decorative. This palm is a native of Bourbon and Mauritius.

A finely-grown specimen of the Assai palm (*Euterpe edulis*), and also ornamental in character, is about thirty feet high. Its slender stem is crowned with a small tuft of

attractive palm-trees. Of this tree it has been said that the diligent natives celebrated either in verse or prose the three hundred and sixty uses to which the trunk, the branches, the leaves and the fruit were skillfully applied. A large part of the in-

habitants of Egypt, of Arabia and Persia subsists almost entirely on its fruit. They praise also its medicinal virtues. Their camels feed upon the date-stones, when ground. The leaves are made into couches, baskets, bags, mats and brushes. From the branches are made cages for their poultry, and fences for their gardens; from the fibres of the boughs, thread, ropes and rigging; from the sap is prepared a spirituous liquor, although to obtain it the tree is destroyed; and the body of the tree furnishes fuel. Numerous varieties are recognized by the Arabs and distinguished by different names, according to their shape, size, quality and time of ripening. The date palm rises to a great height in its native lands; here in the conservatory we see it at about twenty-five feet and displaying a diameter of twenty-four feet. At the age of thirty, this tree arrives at its greatest vig-



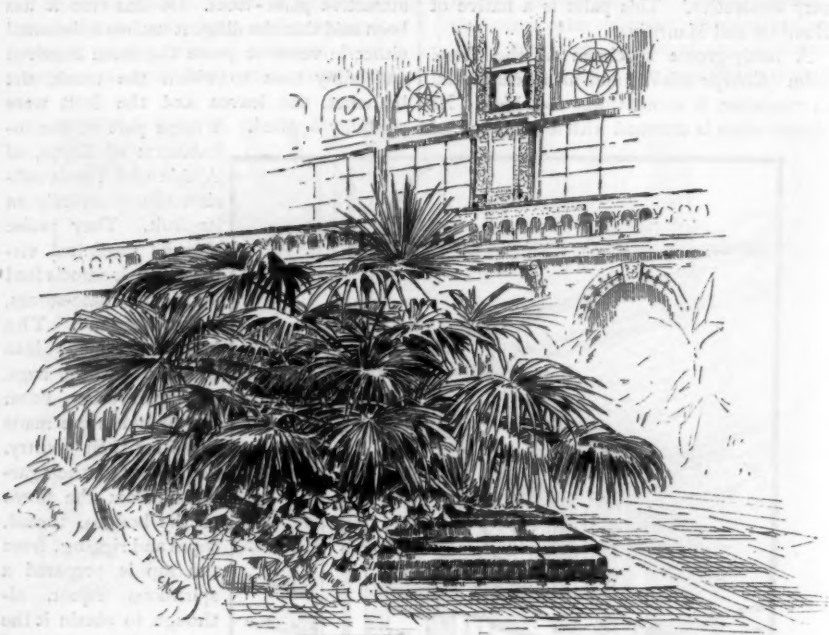
CORNER OF MUSEUM.

graceful pinnate leaves. The purple fruit, which resembles a small plum, furnishes the beverage called *assai*; this, when sweetened with sugar and thickened with cassava farina, is very nutritious, and forms the daily food of many of the inhabitants of Para. A date palm, the *Phoenix dactylifera*, and palm of the Bible, is not the least interesting of the

or, and continues in good condition for about seventy years afterward, bearing annually fifteen or twenty clusters of dates.

The *Caryota urens*, a wine palm, is represented by several fine specimens, measuring forty feet in height by twenty in diameter. The tree is a native of Ceylon and of many parts of India. Its flower-spikes are ten or





LARGE FAN PALM.

twelve feet in length, appearing first from the top of the tree and drooping from the base of the leaves. They succeed each other in bloom until the ground is reached, when the tree dies, it having completed its period of growth and exhausted itself, as the century plant does, after flowering. The flowers yield a juice called toddy or palm wine, that produces palm sugar when boiled, and an excellent candy. From the central or pithy part of the trunk is obtained a valuable substance equal to the sago of commerce, and named sago. When made into bread or porridge it forms a great part of the food of the people of Ceylon. The whole of the sugar used in Ceylon is produced from the *Caryota urens* and two other palms (*Cocos nucifera* and *Borassus flabelliformis*).

Here are two fine representatives of the ground rattan palm, *Rhapis flabelliformis*, a dwarf-growing palm which is a native of Southern China, and is also cultivated in Japan, where it is known by the name of

*Kwanwortsik*. In European gardens plants of this species from Japan are sometimes called *Rhapis Kwanwortsik*. Their leaves are fan-shaped, but deeply cut into segments which are usually toothed at the top, and the sheath bases of their stalks are split into a fibrous network.

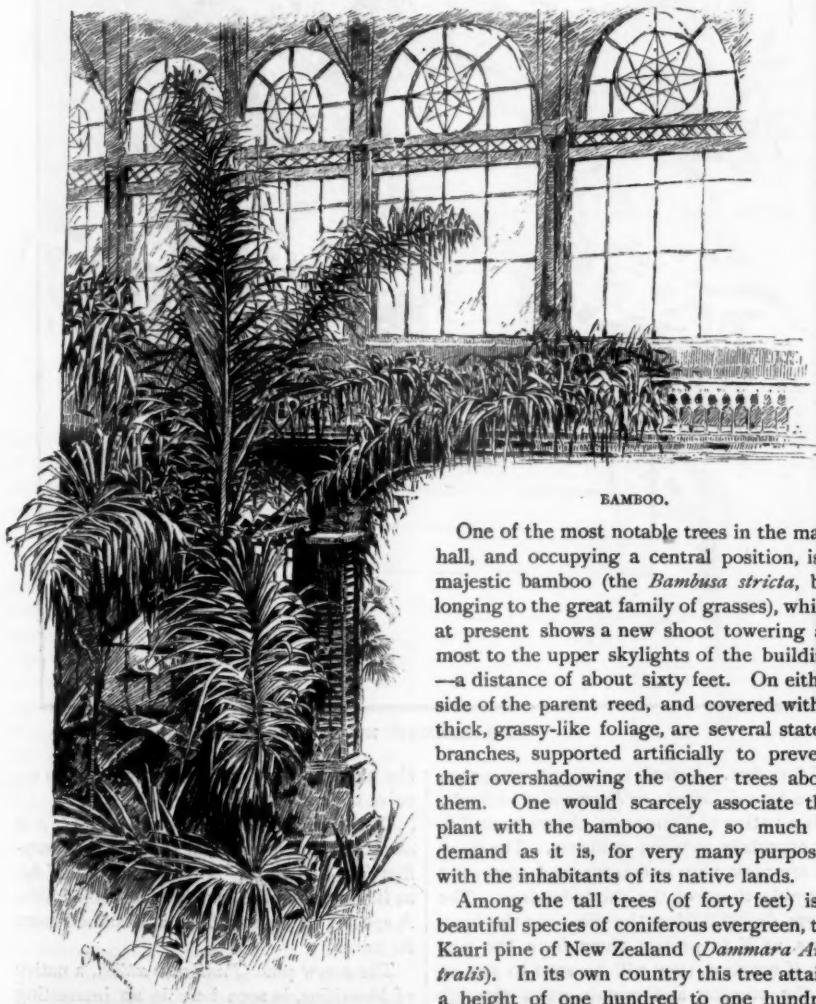
A handsome tree, very prominent in its size and its display of long leaves, is the Abyssinian banana (*Musa enseti*), discovered by the traveler Bruce. It was observed by Bruce that on ancient Egyptian sculptures representations of Isis with ears of corn and the foliage of the banana occur, and sometimes carvings are met with showing the hippopotamus destroying the banana. The genuine banana, not being a native of Egypt, Bruce believed that the Abyssinian banana was intended. The hippopotamus signifies the Nile, whose inundations have destroyed not only the wheat but the *enseti* which would have taken its place. The fruit is not edible, but the base of the flower-stalk is cooked and eaten by the natives.



There are in the Conservatory several examples of the true banana (*Musa sapientum*), or wise men's banana, all in flourishing condition, flowering in their season and afterward well laden with clusters of the luscious fruit, just as if growing in their native air. The writer has seen at least a hundred bananas in one bunch, coming to maturity here under glass.

The traveler's tree (*Ravenala Madagascariensis*), a superb Madagascar plant, is do-

ing remarkably well in its adopted country. The leaves are simple, oblong in form, and larger than any known plant, except the *Victoria Regia*. The large, erect and cup-like sheaths of the leaf-stalks store up water, which is sought by travelers to allay their thirst, and for this reason the French gave to the *Ravenala* the name of traveler's tree. The trunk, like that of the palm, is built up of the leaf-stalk sheaths, the other parts of the leaves having dropped away.



BAMBOO.

One of the most notable trees in the main hall, and occupying a central position, is a majestic bamboo (the *Bambusa stricta*, belonging to the great family of grasses), which at present shows a new shoot towering almost to the upper skylights of the building—a distance of about sixty feet. On either side of the parent reed, and covered with a thick, grassy-like foliage, are several stately branches, supported artificially to prevent their overshadowing the other trees about them. One would scarcely associate this plant with the bamboo cane, so much in demand as it is, for very many purposes, with the inhabitants of its native lands.

Among the tall trees (of forty feet) is a beautiful species of coniferous evergreen, the Kauri pine of New Zealand (*Dammara Australis*). In its own country this tree attains a height of one hundred to one hundred





THE ECONOMIC HOUSE.

and fifty feet. A small but elegant evergreen is the *Rosa del Monte*, or *Brownea grandiceps*. It is a native of Venezuela, always beautiful, but especially so when in bloom. The flowers are pink, very numerous, and somewhat resemble those of the rhododendron. The leaves droop during the day over the blossoms, as if to protect them from the sun, but, if watched, they will be seen to rise up in the evening and remain erect through

the night, when the flowers are ready to receive their share of the dew.

Of the well known india-rubber tree (*Ficus elastica*) there are several specimens twenty-five feet in height. This is a variety of fig, as its name implies, but the fruit is inedible. A species of india-rubber is obtained from its juice.

The screw pine (*Pandanus utilis*), a native of Mauritius, is seen here in an interesting





MONSTERA DELICIOSA OF MEXICO.

example about sixteen feet high and thirteen in diameter. Those who are familiar with this plant need not be informed that it bears a resemblance to the pineapple, nor that it is quite ornamental.

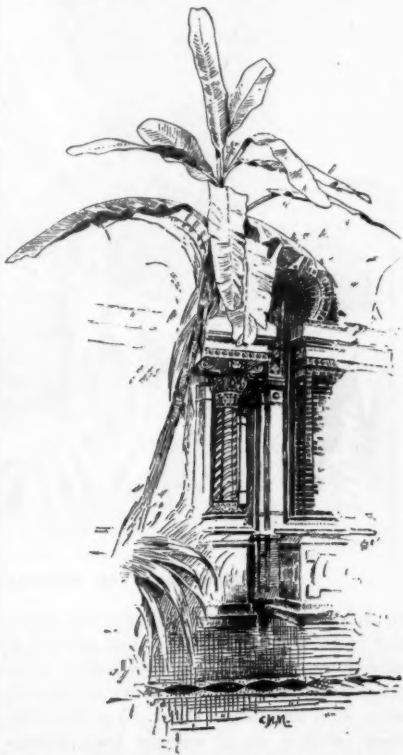
The *Monstera deliciosa* is a noble-looking plant of Mexican origin, of which we find here several specimens, one of them measuring eighteen feet in height. It bears a large cone-like fruit, succulent and of a delicious flavor. In some gardens it is grown especially for its fruit. It is a climbing plant, and needs a strong support. It will thrive in a moist atmosphere and where its long roots can have an abundance of water. The large, perforated leaves present a curious appearance, almost circular in shape and divided at the margin.

Apart from its stately aspect and foreign air, the *Swietenia mahogani* possesses an interest, for it supplies the timber known as the mahogany of commerce. It is the only representative of a genus of *Cedrelaceae*, growing principally in Central America and

Mexico. The bark is valued as a remedy in fevers, and the seeds, prepared with oil, were used by the ancient Aztecs, as they are by the modern Mexicans, as a cosmetic.

The pineapple, tamarind, cinnamon, camphor, logwood trees from the East Indies, coffee and tea plants, century plants, aloes, yuccas and cactus plants, of large and irregular shapes, beautiful pitcher plants, with their delicate and curious receptacles for water, might all, in their combined beauty and entrancing interest, detain us here for days, where our delight in them is always new.

And now let us enter the Fernery, which is one of the four wings connected with the hall. Here is, in truth, a magnificent collection; and there is so much of beauty and such a marvelous variety in the forms of this assemblage that one must see it to appreciate it fully. The Park Commission-



TRUE OR WISE MEN'S BANANA.

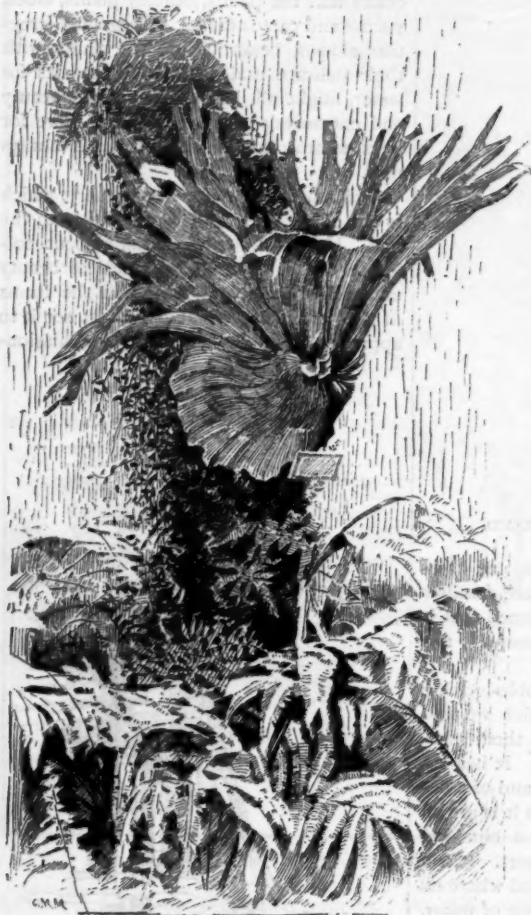


ers should be congratulated in having at Fairmount the finest collection of exotic ferns in this country. There are above three hundred. Among them are many special attractions for the fern-lover, and it is not too much to say that these delight-

all of them significant bouquets "tied by the invisible hand of nature." The arborescent species are represented by the *Dicksonia Antarctica*, an Australian tree-fern; the *Alsophila Australis*, and the Sandwich Island pulu-tree fern, *Dicksonia cibotium glaucum*.

The *Dicksonia*, which stands near the entrance, is the oldest fern in the collection, and attained its full height of eighteen feet some time ago. It is a beautiful specimen of the species, with its fronds rising from the hairy crown, stately and graceful, lustrous dark green in color on the upper, of a lighter tint on the lower surface, and the spread of the fronds being from ten to fifteen feet. Not less charming do we find the *Alsophila*, nor less ambitious in its aspirations; in a little while, as it would seem, its crown must touch the glass above and ask for higher privileges. Its trunk or stem is ten feet in height and six inches in diameter, the fronds from twelve to fifteen feet in length, bipinnate in form and light green in color. The branches (fronds) of these tree-ferns resemble those of the palm-tree in their growth, and fall off every year, leaving an indentation on the trunk. The exterior is hard wood and full of regular indentations from the top to the bottom.

The *Cibotium* is also an admirable species. Its representative growing here is nearly as high as the two previously mentioned. Its appearance is very graceful, and



STAGSHORN FERN OF AUSTRALIA.

ful children of far-away wilds deserve attention from all. In their "living green" of many hues the flowerless ferns make a lovelier picture, it may be, in the winter season, when all is desolate without. Yet this little oasis exhibits in all seasons large attractions, as well as the tiny, fragile favorites,

the arching fronds are from twelve to fifteen feet in length. A substance called pulu, consisting of silky, fibrous hair, and of a deep fawn color, is found on the crown of the stem and about the base of the frond-stalks of the ferns. Only a small quantity, about two or three ounces, is obtained from each



plant, and it takes about four years for the plants to reproduce this amount. The ferns which produce the pulu grow on all the high lands of the Sandwich Islands, at an elevation of about one thousand feet. The pulu is quite an article of commerce, and sometimes is sold to the extent of several thousands of pounds per annum.

A very distinct and remarkable genus of ferns is illustrated in the stag-horn fern of Australia (*Platycerium alcicorne*). It grows on the side of a tree-fern stem, forming in outline an almost perfect representation of a stag's head and horns, and measures in its circumference thirteen feet. The species are few in number, principally Eastern or Australian, and for the most part tropical. A young stagshorn is flourishing in the Fernery and will probably match the older one in size before very long. Some of the climbing ferns are displaying well on the rustic-looking stumps assigned to them for this purpose, and there are fine specimens of basket plants with arching pinnate fronds from five to eight feet in length. The tender and delicate varieties of ferns occupy a front table, where their admirers are legion throughout the year. The genus *Adiantum* contributes many charming plants to the Fernery, but none more beautiful and massive than the *Farleyense*, a maiden-hair fern of Barbadoes, and new to us about six years ago. It produces large, drooping, much divided fronds, which grow above three feet in length. The pinnæ, or leaves,

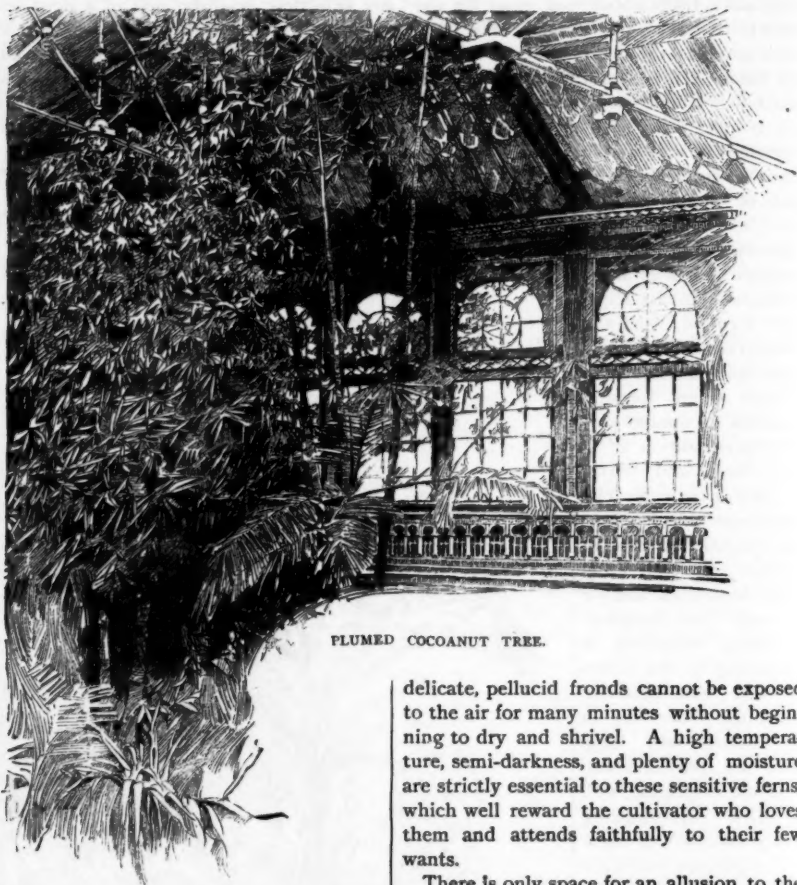
are delicately beautiful and of a light pea-green color. This plant is one that must always be a favorite in the world of ferns, and needs only to be seen to be much admired. The *Adiantum gracillimum* is also an exquisite plant, and the most graceful of all



ABYSSINIAN BANANA AND COCOANUT PALM.

the tender varieties. The texture of the frond is very thin and fragile, and in color a pale yellowish-tinted olive green. The multiplicity of the minute pinnules, or branchlets, and the almost invisible ramifications of stem, give to this fern a peculiarly airy and beautiful appearance. The New





PLUMED COCOANUT TREE.

Zealand filmy ferns (*Todeas*), which can only be successfully cultivated under glass, are secluded, as it were, in special cases. They are of the smallest species and the most fragile-looking of all the ferns. The *Todea superba* is perhaps the most beautiful of these. Its fronds are semi-transparent, beautifully crisp, and of a brilliant green color. The Irish bristle-fern, *Trichomanes radicans*, is also under glass. It is a Killarney fern, so-called because its chief habitat is in the neighborhood of Killarney, Ireland. It is a charming plant, requiring shade and an atmosphere constantly loaded with moisture for its perfect culture. Here it is seen in a most thriving condition. Its

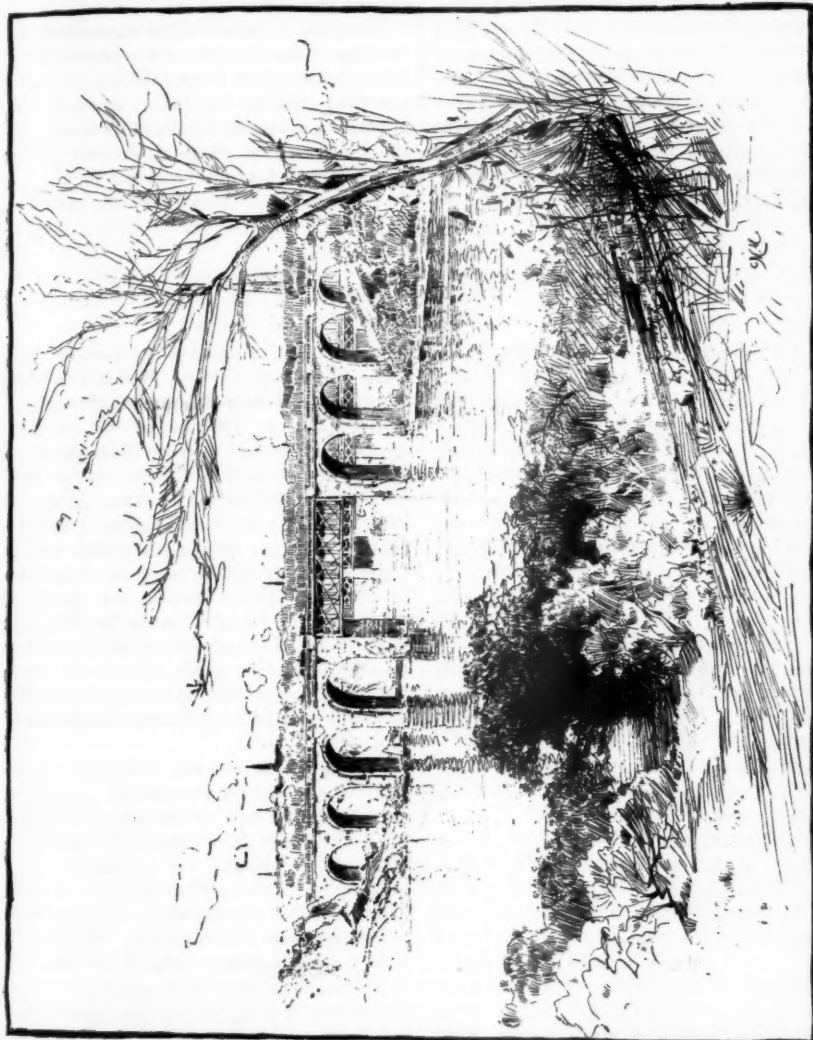
delicate, pellucid fronds cannot be exposed to the air for many minutes without beginning to dry and shrivel. A high temperature, semi-darkness, and plenty of moisture are strictly essential to these sensitive ferns, which well reward the cultivator who loves them and attends faithfully to their few wants.

There is only space for an allusion to the Economic greenhouse, where are kept the officinal, medicinal, and other plants of botanical interest, of many species and varieties; the Forcing house, for the propagation of plants by cuttings and seeds; the Temperate house, where are placed the half-hardy plants during the winter, and numerous plants that serve to decorate various parts of the park in summer. The Museum (combined with the lecture-room), which contains many interesting specimens of wood from different countries, will have, eventually, examples of every species now in the arboretum. The museum is intended principally for students of botany and students of landscape effects. A map of the



arboretum indicates the location of growing trees, and by referring to this and to nature, the arboriculturist may be aided in selecting his material with taste and judgment. A free course of botanical lectures is annually

scholarly professor. The west windows of the museum and lecture-room overlook a delightful area of gardens in the summer, which are bright with innumerable attractions. And during the height of this splen-



VIEW FROM BALCONY LOOKING DOWN THE RIVER.

given here by Dr. J. T. Rothrock, Professor of Botany at the Pennsylvania University. These are always well attended by intelligent persons of both sexes, and many in the audience come from a distance to hear the

dor there are peculiarly fine views from the exterior balconies of Horticultural Hall, which no visitor should fail to see. Here is a rare panorama of beautiful sylvan scenes and picturesque beds of flower and foliage



plants worthy of a more extended notice. The groups of young trees, in great variety and number, are also extremely interesting, and there is evidence of great skill and admirable taste in the arrangement. They have been planted so as to produce the best effects, and in accordance with the accepted idea that in landscape gardening there must be diversity of outline, of form, and of color, and duration of foliage. In this neighborhood the attractive features of Fairmount seem to be duly appreciated by many thousands of visitors in every returning summer. They may pertinently ask if there are in the

United States other examples of rural art brought nearer to perfection? The student of forestry, too, will find his facilities all that can be desired. Every newly-planted tree has its printed label—the botanic and the common name.

Fortunate is the botanist or amateur whose privilege it may be to make repeated visits to the conservatory and to the spacious surrounding gardens—in spring, summer and autumn to the gardens, and in all seasons to the Conservatory, which is without doubt the crowning glory of Fairmount Park.

MARGARET P. JANES.

### LONDON NOTES ON LITERATURE AND ART.

I AM desirous to put you, as far as I can, in possession of such facts of literary and artistic interest, as are most discussed here at present. Strangely enough, neither authors nor artists appear to trouble themselves about what seems most important; but, like old ladies at a country tea-party, are occupied about the infinitely little; and much more inclined to discuss the "skying" of a picture than the picture's merits, or to talk of the misprints in a great book instead of its object, drift or arguments. Under these unfavorable circumstances must my notes be gathered, and I have no doubt you will be more surprised at the subjects I have left untouched than by anything, however thrilling, which I may have to tell you. I confine myself to the chief topics in literature and art, and avoid as much as I can mere personal gossip.

The literary event of the month, if not, indeed, of the season, has been the issue, by Mr. Murray, of Mr. Walter Besant's life of his friend Professor Palmer, who was murdered in the peninsula of Sinai during the recent military operations in Egypt. His death is attributed by those who know best to the action of certain Turkish emissaries of Arabi; and there was probably no life sacrificed to that unprincipled adventurer's misdeeds which has excited a more sincere feeling of regret, or has been, so far as contemporaries can judge, so great a loss to the literature and culture in

general of our country at the present day. I was well acquainted with Palmer, to whom I owed a heavy debt of gratitude for literary help and advice. He was one of those men who seem, however busy, to have plenty of time to bestow on their friends; and he was naturally in request on all sides, partly on account of his marvelously extensive knowledge of men and things, and partly on account of his singularly unerring judgment in matters of literary business and criticism. All this is well brought out in Mr. Besant's book, which, as is understood, is sold for the benefit of Palmer's family, and will, we need not doubt, bring them, at the hands of such an author and such a publisher, a substantial sum.

Talking of authors and publishers—and, in truth, among literary people at present the subject is a most absorbing one—nothing has yet been done toward the establishment of any measure of co-operation in bookselling. The difficulties are indeed great; but the opportunity is open for the genius who can dissolve them. At present it is a notorious, if a melancholy and, indeed, disgraceful fact, that, as a rule, an author makes nothing out of even a successful book; and that when, by his cleverness in drawing up an agreement, or by the exceptional honesty of his agent, he does receive some remuneration for his work, it is absurdly inadequate to what he could earn in any other profession than that of letters by



the exercise of a similar measure of industry and knowledge.

The season so far has been somewhat barren of new books of note, with the exception I have just mentioned. An immense outcrop of books on Egypt took place after the war, as was to be expected, but they were for the most part either of the catchpenny kind a war always evokes, or they were merely recockings of old food, new editions of forgotten books, and semi-piratical compilations from the works of recognized authorities. As exceptions I would mention Mr. Poole's "Cities of Egypt," which deals only with those mentioned in the Bible, and is abundantly laden with ancient history and modern research of a most recondite character. Messrs. Perrot & Chipiez, in their "History of Egyptian Art," a large and pretentious work in two volumes, were unfortunate in two particulars. Their translator was not equal to the task and their principal illustrator was absurdly inadequate, and has caricatured the statues and other sculptures of Boulak in a way which must make every one who has visited that wonderful museum almost indignant.

A very remarkable book has appeared on the Italian pictures in the National Gallery of London. It is by Dr. Richter, whose notes on the Dulwich Gallery, published a year or two ago, showed him to be a learned, if not altogether judicious critic. Dr. Richter's favorite attitude is that of scepticism: he comes to every picture with a doubt, and seems especially pleased if he can demonstrate the worthlessness of a popular favorite, or the spuriousness of an expensive purchase. This characteristic mars the pleasure of reading what would otherwise be a very interesting piece of work. The illustrations are numerous in etching and in permanent photography; and, in spite of the faults to be found in the book, it is to be hoped Dr. Richter will issue criticisms on the pictures of other schools, and especially on that of Holland, with which he is best acquainted.

But the number of books published at this season is never very large, and the attention of the cultivated section of the public is intent on art rather than literature.

Artists rather than authors are in favor, and lectures on art secure the largest audiences, particularly those of Mr. Ruskin, who has been as paradoxical and as charming, as much run after and as little believed in, as ever.

With the first of May and the opening of the principal exhibitions of pictures London art enters on a new year. Just as sportsmen reckon back to the year when such a horse won the Derby, the lover of painting will remind you of so many Academies ago, when "Daphnephoria" was exhibited, or so many Academies before that, when "Atalanta's Race" was the picture of the year. But it will puzzle posterity to assign an artistic name to the present season. The average in the Academy is allowed on all hands to be high. There are many very lovely pictures, landscapes, "types of beauty" and pictures of incident; but only two works—neither of them very important—stand out among the rest as worthy to be remembered when all the other 1,691 have returned to obscurity. These are Mr. Millais's portrait of his fellow in the Academy, Mr. Hook; and Mr. Alfred Gilbert's strangely powerful little bronze bust named simply "Study of a head." The portrait, it is not too much to say, reminds one of the best work of the best period of the Venetian school. The brilliancy of the color and the delicate gradation of the light and shade bringing to mind at once two great artists never perhaps named in a breath before, Titian and Rembrandt. The bronze is almost lost amid the crowd of busts in the sculpture room, busts for the most part which look as if they had been made by the chief modeler of a waxwork exhibition. But Mr. Gilbert has understood and practised a most rare and difficult accomplishment in art, namely, how to give largeness and breadth to a comparatively small object. The only piece of sculpture which competes with it is another head, also in bronze, named "Adelia Abbruzzesi," by Mr. Browning, the son of the great poet; and were it not for Mr. Gilbert's bust this would have been esteemed the finest thing of the kind in the exhibition.

It will be understood when we have to go to the sculpture room for our most remark-



able examples that the whole exhibition is not very striking. Yet, as I have said, the average merit is considerable; there are very few pictures which can be characterized as distinctly bad, and they are the work of superannuated Academicians; but nobody seems able to say why there is so little to arrest or detain the attention. One disappointment awaits the ordinary sight-seer and one the more fastidious critic. Mr. Dicksee's "Foolish Virgins" is so inferior to his former works—shows such poverty of imagination, such absence of the higher qualities with which at first he was credited—that few will pause to notice the admirable drawing, correct chiaroscuro and delicate harmony—things which, since apparently they may be learned by an inferior artist, will not make up for the want of higher power, insight, passion, poetical feeling and the desire to depict beauty for its own sake, which are all here wanting. The other reason for disappointment to which I have alluded is to be found in the attraction which the crowd feels toward Mr. Frith's "Private View." The picture is small, and whether the hanging committee did not anticipate its undeserved popularity, or because they determined it should be seen as little as possible, it is placed so low that only a few people can obtain a sight of it at the same time. It is somewhat humiliating to think that this is by far the most popular work in the exhibition, and that all the efforts of the apostles of culture, the Science and Art Department, the sermons of Mr. Ruskin, the poems and lectures of Mr. Morris, have left the taste of the average Englishman at this point. I was recently informed, on the best authority, that the picture which is most often copied in the National Gallery is the "Blind Beggar," by a Flemish artist, Dyckmans, whose works are characterized by the absence of all those qualities which indicate what is healthy and progressive in art. At the Grosvenor Gallery, as at the Academy, the average is also high, yet there is not much to notice, if we except Mr. Burne Jones's pictures, of which, it must be allowed, even by their greatest admirers, that they appeal to the feelings of a minority, and that it would not be fair to condemn the taste of those who do not like

them. There is, however, this to be said about Mr. Jones's pictures: you cannot be indifferent to them; you must either like or dislike them very much, and would find it impossible to look at them as you can look at a portrait by Mr. Richmond or a landscape by Mr. Halsewille, with the feeling that you do not greatly care whether you ever see it again or not. One other exhibition must be noticed, though I leave out the two great water-color exhibitions—one of them, indeed, the Institute, in its new rooms, too great for the powers of modern water-color artists—and venture to call attention to the works of Prof. Carl Müller, of Vienna, which are on view at the French Gallery in Pall Mall, and will afford the visitor, especially if he has been in the East, unalloyed pleasure and satisfaction, as well for their fidelity to nature as for their artistic quality.

Next in interest to exhibitions of modern pictures come the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, and the short periodical shows on the walls of Christie's famous salerooms. Here, in apparently endless succession, the choicer specimens which have delighted us in former years at Burlington House, come to the hammer, and those who are diligent in the pursuit of knowledge of this kind wend their way regularly on Wednesday to King Street, St. James's, to see what is on view for the auction of the following Saturday. So far this season we have had an abundance of excitement in these sales, though nothing like that which attended the dispersion of the Hamilton Palace collections last year. Some modern pictures by Mr. Long and by Mr. Riviere have fetched remarkable prices; but though Mr. Holloway is intent on founding a magnificent gallery of art in his new institution on the banks of the Thames, and authorizes Mr. Martin to give the highest prices for typical works, the season at Christie's has not produced any incidents worth sending you. But in the course of a week we may expect the sale of the enamels which formed part of the grand collections at Blenheim which the great Duke of Marlborough's descendants are intent on realizing. Although it is for the benefit of the multitude that such magnificent accumulations as this one and the still more remarkable contents of Hamilton Pal-



ace should be thrown upon the market, there is very general expression of regret among all classes at the spoliation of these great and ancient private museums, where for many successive generations wealth and taste combined had succeeded in accumulating treasures of art. Part of this regret may arise from a kind of innate pride in our old families which most Englishmen cherish; but there is also a feeling for the loss to the public of the possibility of seeing these things at home, so to speak; for both at Hamilton and Blenheim, as at many another great country house, the visitor who desired to see any portion or the whole of the great collections was easily able to do so. I am acquainted with men learned in their special subjects who have found the etchings or the gems or the coins or the books of some old family mansion a subject full of instruction and study, and easily accessible. They had another quality, in their authenticity; for no pedigree for a picture or a manuscript can be better than that which makes it a quiet inmate of an old home for a number of centuries. The Limoges enamels, now about to be dispersed, were gathered by a former duke at a time when such things were by no means so popular as they are now; and there can be no reason to doubt that their present unappreciative owner will obtain for them a price that will bring him in not only the money which his ancestor spent, but the accumulated interest at a fair rate ever since. At a recent print sale at Messrs. Sotheby's an etching by Rembrandt reached the highest price which has yet been given for a single engraving. It was an early state of the portrait of Dr. Tolling, and was bought for M. Rothschild, of Paris, at the enormous figure of £1,510. The tendency is now for all objects of art, and especially those which are ancient and cannot be reproduced, to become more and more precious; the competition for their possession, which used to be confined to a few collectors, is now almost universal, and since America entered the lists, the old days have finally passed away, and people who have objects of art, and of ancient art more particularly, find their value enormously enhanced and are constantly tempted to realize.

You are not much troubled on your side of the Atlantic with a subject which here excites much discussion and awakens the keenest interest. The protection of ancient buildings from the opposite evils of injudicious restoration and of total destruction is the objects of never-ending exertions on the part of the poet, Mr. William Morris, and a number of his friends. It cannot be said that their laudable efforts have yet achieved any fair measure of success. The two great destroyers are so powerful that resistance is almost hopeless. Our government and our church divide between them the odium which attaches to those who ruin old monuments; and what can a poet and his friends, however enthusiastic, do against such odds. The government is at the present moment, according to the annual report which Mr. Morris read at a meeting of his supporters in the beginning of June, busy wiping away all traces of antiquity from the Tower of London, refacing old walls, pulling down buildings which in America would be esteemed of hoary old age, and erecting new structures in a style which the architect assures us will be such a clever imitation of real thirteenth century work that it will be impossible to know the difference. They are also attacking some of the ancient palaces, and there is evidently some very destructive influence at work in high places. The "restoration" of churches also goes merrily forward, and if any of your citizens want to see what the old places are like in which their ancestors worshiped before their emigration they must make haste, for but few are left. I often observe now in guide-books the significant expression respecting a village church, "still happily unrestored." as a recommendation to the traveler to visit it.

Both literature and art have met in the production of a Greek play, "Helen of Troy," at the house of Lady Freaque, in South Kensington. For weeks past the amateur actors and actresses have been rehearsing. Wherever a young lady with a Grecian profile was to be met with she was pressed into the chorus. Whenever a young gentleman who was a sufficiently good scholar to be able to repeat Greek verse fluently could be heard of he was secured.



The result has been most satisfactory. The dresses and decorations were designed by such great artists as Sir Frederick Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy, and Mr. Edward Z. Poynter, a distinguished member of that august body; and the grouping, the scenery, the music, were all superintended with the utmost care. A

charming married lady acted *Helen* during half the performance; an unmarried lady, who is understood to have studied at Girton and to know Greek, took the part at other representations, and several well-known artists, poets, and literary men in general were among the actors in the piece.

W. J. LOFTIE.

## Recent Literature.

It is not an ill-founded opinion, that for any dispassionate history of a civil war the world must wait until all the actors in it are dead. Then we may reasonably hope that there will be found some one with judgment sound enough to weigh conflicting statements and set the course of events in their true light. There is one historian in our day, however, who has come very near proving that the opinion to which we have referred is not absolutely true. That historian is the Count of Paris, the fifth and sixth volumes of whose *History of the Civil War in America*\*—forming Volume III. of the English translation—have recently appeared. In the earlier volumes the Count allowed his judgment to be warped at times by his friendship for a particular general. But in the portion which has just been given to the world, there is no sign of this predilection of the author for any person, and the firmness and calmness with which he weighs the acts of those about whom he writes are worthy of all praise. At the same time, with constant practice, his style has gained in clearness, finish and elegance. The historical present, which, like all French historians, he prefers, does not show to advantage in an English dress. And he might with profit have taken a hint from Macaulay, and used the "I," instead of the much abused newspaper "we." But these are matters of taste. And it must be conceded that upon the whole his narrative is worthy of his great theme, in treating which he reaches in this volume—we follow the enumeration of the English translation—1863, the year of Vicksburg and Gettysburg—one of the most memorable years in the world's history.

A comparison is inevitable between the work

of the Count of Paris and that of General Humphreys, noticed last month in this place. The severity of style and conciseness of the latter are in marked contrast with the flowing narrative of the French historian. Our American, whether influenced by friendship or life-long association, or because he thought it unnecessary, seldom pronounces opinions upon particular men. He states the facts in a very pointed way, and lets them speak for themselves. This shows remarkable self-restraint, since, while chief of staff, he suffered from the delinquencies of others, and often saw his almost perfect plans traversed, paralyzed and more than once ruined by the criminal negligence of incompetent or discontented subordinates of high rank, placed in positions to which they were essentially unequal, either by the influence or ignorance of officials in Washington. The Count, on the other hand, does not hesitate to speak in the severest terms of these marplots.

The four books into which the volume just issued is divided, are devoted respectively to the war on the Rapidan, operations on the Mississippi, the conflict in Pennsylvania, and the events of the third winter. In this is shown the excellent method of the writer, who by concentrating attention on one object at a time increases the value of his narrative. The various localities mentioned he has studied with the utmost care, and his luminous descriptions of them make an excellent foundation for understanding clearly the events which occur at each locality. In this line nothing in the volume is better than the description of the lower portion of the Mississippi River.

"From Memphis to the sea the Mississippi encounters no hills but those extending along the left bank between Vicksburg and Port Hudson. Everywhere else the Father of Waters flows on without hindrance in a bed which may be said literally to be of its own creation; for

\* *History of the Civil War in America*. By Comte de Paris. This volume comprises Vols. V. and VI. of the French edition without abridgment. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.



like the Po in Polesinea, the Rhine in Holland, and the Nile in Egypt, it has exhausted this bed by continuous deposits, and at the same time reduced its proportions by means of natural dikes that have been formed along its shores. In some places these dikes have been strengthened by artificial levees; but, like an all-powerful and capricious master, after having first pretended to respect these fragile barriers, we see it during its overflows breaking down each of them alternately; at one place overflowing its banks in order to invade a small peninsula at which it has been nibbling for several years, in another direction stretching out through a vast circuit, and leaving a wretched swamp in place of the deep channel where the largest ships were wont to navigate. Man seeks to control its caprices; and if the engineer is skillful, if he knows how to open a new pass at the proper point, he succeeds in facilitating navigation by closing all extraneous passes; but sometimes the river rebels against all restraint and all allurements; an eddy suffices to neutralize its docility, and it persists in leaving completely dry what was apparently the best channel. Like a king surrounded by his court, it flows toward the sea escorted by numerous rivers, which, instead of bringing it tribute, are fed by its own waters, and, running in a parallel direction form by its own sides the network of bayous of which we have spoken."

The great mistake of the Confederates at Vicksburg, is pointed out very clearly by the Count of Paris. Their mistake was fortifying too great a space—a space much beyond their ability to garrison or victual. A line of fortifications nearly eight miles in extent on the land side and about four miles on the river side, could be held by a very large army only. Moreover, the army of Pemberton was demoralized when it withdrew into the works of Vicksburg. "The Confederates, as usual, had yielded to the natural temptation of inexperienced armies, believing that they are adding to the strength of a position by multiplying to excess the works defending it. This defect had not escaped the observation of the sagacious Johnston, upon his visit to the Army of the Mississippi, in December, 1862; but, as we have already remarked, in regard to the batteries commanding the river, he had pointed out this defect in vain; his advice was not heeded. Experience had shown how well-founded were his criticisms. If these works had been so constructed as to afford shelter only to a garrison of from seven to eight thousand men, they

would have been quite sufficient to secure to Vicksburg the rôle belonging to that place by not allowing the batteries intended to block the passage of the river to be taken in the rear; they could have sustained a siege long enough to allow an army of relief time to come to deliver the garrison, and Pemberton would never have thought of shutting himself up in it with all his troops. The extent of the space they occupied, on the contrary, neutralized their value unless defended by an army. It was the fear of disgarnishing them which influenced Pemberton during the whole campaign, not allowing him to quit the place lest it should be left without a sufficient garrison."

Although portraying character is not the Count's strong point, he occasionally with a few words puts in a strong light some particular person. What could be more vivid than his etching of A. P. Hill: "His force of will overcame the weakness of a shattered constitution, which had emaciated his manly face. *He was never sick on the day of battle.*" The French writer, too, has a keen eye for picturesque incidents, which relieve his narrative. One of these well told is a review of Stuart's cavalry by Lee, while the latter was marching north to Gettysburg. "Stuart, justly proud of this splendid force, had some time before asked Lee to come with some of his friends and review it. 'Here I am, said the general-in-chief to him, pointing with his finger to the bivouac of the First Corps; 'here I am with my friends, according to invitation.' It was agreed that on the following day Lee and 'friends'—that is to say, all of Longstreet's soldiers—should witness the cavalry review. With the exception of some regiments detached on outpost duty, all Stuart's cavalry was assembled on the 8th in a beautiful open plain between Culpepper and Brandy Station. General Lee, motionless on his horse, his head covered with a broad-brimmed hat, occupied an elevated position near a pole upon which was flying a large Confederate flag. For the army assembled around him, this man with a long gray beard, as wise as he was brave, of dignified mien, whose profile stood out in fine relief under a dazzling sky, brought by his mere presence a certain pledge of victory to the symbol of the Southern cause which floated by his side. The simplicity of attire, the immobility and serious countenance of the general-in-chief, who no doubt was already revolving in his mind the chances of his new campaign, were in strong contrast with the brilliant uniform, the gay deportment and cheerful looks of Stuart as he



passed, sword in hand, with his troopers before their companions in arms. As if real war, with its sufferings and risks, had not been enough for him, Stuart omitted none of the features which, in time of peace, constitute a sham fight, with its conventions and improbabilities, such as dashing, headlong charges suddenly stopped, cannonading against a fictitious enemy—for even powder, so precious in warfare, was not spared—while the distant sounds of this pretended battle reached the very banks of the Rappahannock, to the astonishment of the Union scouts who were watching along the course of the river."

The French historian's narrative in the chapters devoted to Vicksburg and Gettysburg will fascinate the reader. But not less interesting are the concluding chapters of the volume, treating of the fall campaign in 1863, after Gettysburg. These concluding chapters are entitled "Hagerstown," "Bristoe Station," and "Mine Run." These titles cannot all be commended. Inasmuch as Hagerstown had little or nothing to do with the escape of Lee in July, 1863, and Williamsport and Falling Waters everything, one of the two latter would seem more appropriate. Mine Run was a fiasco—for those who made it so a disgraceful one—and therefore it is not well to thrust the title prominently forward. Bristoe Station, on the contrary, is an excellent head for the chapter which follows it. It was here that Warren displayed the highest qualities of a general, and, as the Count justly observes, "the affair was brilliant both for the troops and their young commander, Warren having again shown the *coup d'ail* [possession of the clear-sightedness of a great general]—the coolness and the activity which mark him as a distinguished commander." In the Mine Run chapter is the story of Russell's capture of the Rappahannock Bridge-head or Crown work which was even more creditable to the Union army than Bristoe Station, although not more creditable to the general in active command. Justly does the Count declare that this defeat was the most painful which had yet been inflicted on the Army of Northern Virginia. It must have been peculiarly galling to Lee himself, since he was an engineer, and knew that, in the contest between the two equally beloved sons of military science, "Defense" and "Attack," very few and discreditable are the exceptions, like Rappahannock Station, to the truth of Vauban's simple definition, that "Fortification is the art of enabling a small body of men to resist, for a considerable time, the attack of a greater number."

As so much was decided by Russell's gallant dash, Rappahannock Station would have been a far more suitable heading to a chapter which embraces so many diverse operations besides Mine Run, which was an affair discreditable in many respects to the Union army, and which certainly did not confer any particular honor on their opponents. That Lee foiled Meade was not due to capacity on the part of the former. And that Meade failed was due almost wholly to the officer commanding the Third Corps. Had Sickles or Birney been in his place, to which either was more justly entitled, the result would have been very different.

These movements in the fall of 1863 have been inaptly styled a campaign of manœuvres, but might more properly be called a campaign of blunders. Lee and his generals certainly did blunder and in an equal degree, Meade personally, and nearly all those in whom he had to trust. The one brilliant exception was General Humphreys, whose well-laid plans were frustrated by those who undertook to carry them out. Pretty much all the fighting done during this campaign of blunders was wholly unnecessary. And the Count makes it clear, that if these needless encounters had been avoided, a grand battle might have been fought which would have surpassed Gettysburg and very probably made an end of Lee's army.

Many are the compendiums purporting to give the general reader a clear idea of the Constitution of the United States, but we have seen no elementary work so well arranged and so thorough as *Outlines of the Constitutional History of the United States*\* by Luther Henry Porter. The author's excellent plan comprises first a simple account of the forms of government which existed before the Revolution, giving the full text of the Charters of Virginia, Maryland and Connecticut, the Declaration of Rights, Declaration of Independence, Articles of Confederation, Constitution of the United States and other important documents. A second part contains a very concise but lucid explanation of each clause in the Constitution. In a third part is a brief review of the principal events in our political history grouped in harmony with the principles which controlled the government. In an appendix are tables of the Presidents and other national officers, of the dates of admission of the States and the votes on Presidential elec-

\* *Outlines of the Constitutional History of the United States*. By Luther Henry Porter. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1883.



tions, which, with the documents incorporated in the first part, make the work valuable for reference. A fairly full index increases the value of the book, which is admirably printed and got up.

Mr. Titus Munson Coan continues his judicious editorial labors in two more volumes of *Topics of the Time*,\* the volume for June being *Studies in Biography*; that for July, *Studies in Literature*. The former refers to dead people only, and covers a considerable range of time, since its seven papers extend from Dean Swift to Gambetta, and of the intervening subjects are Miss Burney, Lord Westbury, Bishop Wilberforce and George Sand. The paper on Bishop Wilberforce deserves to be read with attention. It is a just tribute to a remarkable man, whose activity and many-sidedness made a strong impression on the English Church. Remarkable, too, is the estimate of Leon Gambetta made by Frederic Harrison. Of the *Studies in Literature* the most amusing is "American Literature in England" from *Blackwood*, which calls Mr. James's "Washington Square" an "appalling contribution to the internal history of American domestic life," and speaks of a male character in one of Mr. Howells' novels as "the last and most painful exemplification of the fact that there is nothing new under the sun."

Of the making of books of travel there is no end, and there does not appear any good reason why there should be. However beaten be the ground a person goes over, if he knows how to see, his observations will be different from the observations of all who have preceded him. And if he puts his observations in print, there is likely to be some wheat among his chaff. Of this opinion is Mr. Henry Day, who has just published an account of what he saw in going recently *From the Pyrenees to the Pillars of Hercules*.† The places he visited—Madrid, Barcelona, Toledo, Cadiz, Malaga, Gibraltar, and Burgos—have doubtless been a good deal bewritten, and the books in the English language which make mention of these places are not few. But Mr. Day looked at them with the eyes of an intelligent man, with whom much travel had not withered all enthusiasm. Al-

though not a practiced writer, he manages to express himself generally with clearness. If his phrases are sometimes a trifle awkward, they convey his impressions fairly well. He ingenuously acknowledges his obligations to guide-books, and makes liberal use of them. Of Spaniards in general Mr. Day's opinion is not high, for he considers Spain "the most priest-ridden, poverty-stricken, indolent, ignorant and superstitious nation of Europe."

Another traveler, Mr. John W. Allen, Jr., has thought it well to let the world know what he saw in Europe, although he spent most of his time in Paris, and Paris is not exactly a *terra incognita* to Americans. But Mr. Allen hit upon the idea of putting his narrative under the care of another man—a creature of his imagination, who belongs to "an old New York family"—one *Paul Dreifuss*,\* the father of four children, all grown up. Mr. Dreifuss, "in going to Europe, followed an old habit formed in early life and kept up to old age." He wanted a holiday, but wanted still more to see his youngest daughter, who was an art student in Paris. Accordingly he starts off without fuss or ceremony in the winter by a White Star steamer, and soon finds himself in Liverpool after a comfortable voyage. A flight across England takes him to Dover, which he quickly exchanges for Paris, and there he spends the remainder of his holiday. But during the passage over, and during his stay abroad, he encounters a good many surprises for a man who had been crossing the Atlantic Ocean at intervals for forty years. However, what he had to say is pleasantly said, and his book is agreeable reading.

Southern writers of fiction are coming to the front in the *Round Robin Series*, the publishers of which are evidently bent on giving authors from all parts of the country a fair chance. In that series "The Georgians," "Homoselle," and "A Tallahassee Girl," are by persons who have not been simply observers of Southern life, but have been brought up in it, and who describe with more or less skill what they are familiar with, and portray characters which they believe to be distinctively Southern. The latest effort in that direction is the just-issued *Round Robin, His Second Campaign*.† The motif is one which will bear use in various

\* *Topics of the Time*, Vol. I., No. 2, June, 1883. *Studies in Biography*. No. 3, *Studies in Literature*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† *From the Pyrenees to the Pillars of Hercules*. Observations on Spain: its History and its People. By Henry Day. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

\* *Paul Dreifuss: his Holiday Abroad*. By John W. Allen, Jr. Boston: George H. Ellis.

† *His Second Campaign*. Round Robin Series. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.



forms for a long time to come—the union of a Northern man, who fought in the Civil War, with the daughter of one who fought on the other side. The author is evidently a woman, and from Georgia, which she describes as “the greatest State in the South, if not the greatest in the Union.” She has some shadowy notions about “wrecking railroads.” She gives a view of the Southern aristocracy in the old days of slavery which is novel to us. “The mediæval spirit, as it existed during the two hundred years of Provençal glory, when knighthood and love and song and honor, each and all, were superbly arrayed and arranged in spectacular order, was the spirit of the old South when slavery was in its prime. Jousts and tournaments took the form of social contests for superiority in all that made hospitality charming and virtue safe; and, despite the stain of human bondage, the old régime was that of the purest and most lovable aristocracy the world has ever seen. The best people were not mere men and women then—they were ladies and gentlemen, knights and dames, even kings and queens in all but name, and they delighted in mediæval customs, thinly disguised to suit the order of things. They were not cramped in their social and domestic arrangements by the petty accidents and incidents of those establishments which are dependent upon hired freemen and democrats and their wives and sweethearts. They ordered and were obeyed. Their slaves were theirs for life or until sold. In a word, the old Southern aristocracy was the latest flower of mediæval chivalry. Its conservatism had shut out art, literature and social reform. Not that it did not read or buy pictures or statuary, and encourage a

high social standard; but it did not produce art, and it did not allow any innovations in literature or any remodeling of domestic or social arrangements. It read ‘Mysteries of Udolpho’ and ‘Scottish Chiefs,’ and all the older romances. It loved the chase, it adored physical prowess, it set great value on the chastity of women. It was, in fact, a modernized and Americanized reproduction of the aristocracy of the Troubadours, and if it did not have its *tensons*, its *cour d’amour*, its *chansons de geste*, and all the rest, it had the pomp and lavish hospitality, the dangerous rival and deadly feuds, the clash of weapons in honorable fray, and all the stately formalities of a long-buried age. When one pauses and reflects, one can find nothing over which a true Southerner can sincerely mourn as a sectional calamity, save that downfall of that strange remnant of the middle ages, the aristocracy of slaveholders. All admit that the extinguishment of slavery itself was right; but the overthrow of the grand social and domestic fabric that the slaves had given their labor to sustain, was quite another thing. It was in the name of chivalry and for the perpetuation of the mediæval spirit that the young soldiery of the Southern Confederacy fought, and not merely for the salvation of negro slavery.”

This long extract will give a fair idea of the spirit in which the story is written. In regard to such a picture of the old South every one will judge for himself. But it may be remarked that though the author talks of “clash of weapons in honorable fray,” she has not the heart to create a villain, the only approach to one in her story having “an immense reserve of something pathetically noble.”

## Town Talk.

At midsummer the inhabitants of great cities talk much of the country. They “babble of green fields.” The ideal of happiness of those of them who are compelled to earn their bread, is to be away from bricks and mortar, to leave pavements and gaslights far behind, and pass the August hours in some rural spot, or to hie away to mountain or forest or the seaside. They envy the farmer who toils all day in the sun, and consider the driving of oxen one of the fine arts. This ardent longing is the revolt of nature against the artificial life of the town. Man, sprung from the earth, has, when grass is green and flowers bloom, an instinctive yearning for the country, where, in the words of the

honored Hooker, “We may see God’s blessings spring out of the earth,” and feels that he has been deprived of some of his rights if the town keeps him imprisoned all the summer through. And now, indeed, in New York, few are the employers who do not recognize the right of those whom they employ to have an “outing.” It is an understood part of the year’s business, and has become a custom which is profitable to employer as employed. The young men come back from their two weeks’ vacation with a little fund of health and strength. And some of those whom penury forbids to go at their own expense are helped by charitable hands to get a sniff of country air. And yet there are



a few old New Yorkers who never care, even when the dog-star rages, to leave the city of their birth. New York is good enough for them. They are old enough to remember when the larger portion of Manhattan Island was still covered with farms and green fields, and hay-mows were within the limits of an easy walk. That was the case at least forty years ago. So recently as that, the site of the Fifth Avenue Hotel was out of town; and where now that huge caravansary overlooks what is at present, in the evening, the most thronged portion of the city, was a little drinking-shop, where horses were baited before driving farther into the country. The miles of splendid mansions which now stretch beyond were then undreamed of. You could get off the pavements within the space of a ramble which an active man found not too fatiguing every summer afternoon. These veterans seem not to have observed the changes that time has brought, and declare that the summer exit is a foolish fashion. And they are supported in their opinion by numerous families of wealth who come from Cuba and the far South, and who, taking up their abode here for the summer, affirm that New York is the most delightful of watering-places. They find it an enjoyable place, where the summer heat is tempered, with occasional exceptions, by the vicinity of the ocean, where the evening breeze rarely fails, and where they can get more satisfaction for their money than at Saratoga or any fashionable summer resort. They are filled with astonishment at the sight of long streets of luxurious dwellings abandoned by their owners and left in sepulchral solitude. In the portions of the city not thus depopulated, life in its streets is more interesting in August than in January. People are more out of doors, and the exterior aspect of the town is gayer and many colored.

But fashion has shaken from its dainty feet the dust of Manhattan Island. and—where it has not taken part in the flight to Europe—has hurried away to other scenes more befitting the season.

The fashionable streets have gradually grown more and more silent, solemn and deserted, while every house seems like one of mourning, wearing the habiliments of woe at every window. The men, too, who at rare intervals enter or emerge from any of them, seem to partake of this mournfulness and solemnity of aspect, and might easily be mistaken for undertakers in the performance of their sad but

necessary duties. They are the heads of the families that have forsaken these stately mansions for the summer glories of the country; and the fortitude with which they bear up under their desolate and dismal surroundings shows how wonderfully man can adapt himself to the most trying circumstances, and in what calm depths of philosophy and resignation he can find refuge. They go home at night and in the silence of the tomb lie down to rest. What an intoxicating pleasure it must be after emerging from such a dreary and melancholy mansion to plunge into the comparatively wild excitement of a law office or a bank parlor, or still better, the delirious din of the stock exchange. But such is summer life in New York, and, with certain modifications, in all our principal cities—at least for some of the men—and what cannot be cured must be endured.

Boston in particular is as silent and solemn as the Empire City. The front-doors of the houses along the Back Bay are boarded up, and to all appearances hermetically sealed, for three or four months in the year, and Beacon Street and Commonwealth Avenue are deserts. Unlike most New Yorkers, however, the Boston men are usually sensible and domestic enough to live with their families during this time. They choose for their summer residence places like Nahant and Swampscott that can be reached by a short railway ride from the city, and in the number and beauty of its contiguous country resorts Boston is more fortunate than New York, while its own immediate suburbs are unequaled anywhere in the world for their rural charm, picturesque situations and peculiar accessibility.

What summer life is at the leading fashionable resorts, including not only Saratoga and Newport, but Richfield Springs, Sharon, the White Mountains, Cape May, Mount Desert, Lake George, Lenox, Long Branch, and others much frequented although less known to fame, it is more difficult to say; and few of the unfortunate heads of families know much about it, they participate in it so little. To their wives and daughters, however, it is often the most enjoyable part of their existence, and far surpasses in its allurements and attractions the pleasures of fashionable society in the city. There is more open-air life. Some time, at least, is passed out-of-doors and the fresh air gives a zest to hours which in the city would be passed in the close atmosphere of heated rooms. But still the mistake is made of too much dressing and dancing and simply prolonging the gaieties



and dissipation of winter life in town. By such means people often return to the city in the autumn more jaded than when they left it in the month of roses. There is a rational way of enjoying the summer at a watering-place, and deriving benefit to mind and body from it, and there is an irrational way of spending the season there that is alike injurious to mind, body, and morals, and too many seem to prefer this to the wiser course.

Yet, take it all in all, watering-place life is very pleasant and comfortable, and at Saratoga it may even be called luxurious. It is, at all the popular resorts, a vast improvement in respect of accommodations and *cuisine*, and every adjunct of the hotel system, upon what it was twenty years ago. But men in active business or professional life seldom make more than flying visits to see their families at Saratoga, or any other resort distant from the scene of their labors. Yet, every watering-place presents within itself an epitome of the world, and is an interesting study to a close observer who has the leisure and inclination to watch its changing lights and shadows, its varied flirtations, its petty social ambitions, its love of ostentation, and its overwhelming pride of purse.

Foreigners who record their observations at American watering-places, usually dwell much on its extravagance. And, indeed, throughout Europe Americans have a well-established and, we fear, equally well deserved reputation for being the most extravagant people in the world. At home, those of them who have ample means are notoriously doing more and more, from year to year, to develop and gratify this tendency. Extravagance may be said to be a national characteristic. It is shown in all grades of fortune and society, and, like the ruling passion strong in death, is often conspicuous in the

trappings of woe and the long line of carriages at the funeral of some poor man whose family can ill afford the expense. It is everywhere indicated, too, by the more or less wanton waste that goes on in and out of the kitchen, in an ordinary American household, so that it is no exaggeration to say a French family could live on what an American family wastes.

But it is more particularly in the newly-built mansions of the rich, not only in New York, but wherever millionaires have made their home, that lavish outlay is most observable. These structures present a palace-like appearance, both without and within. They are, for private residences, imposing, almost vast in size, and their architecture is of that ornate character which proclaims that each of their owners wishes his own house to be, if possible, larger and finer-looking than any other. The interior frescoes and other decorations, the furniture and the upholstery, the paintings and the statuary, the *bric-à-brac*, and books and adornments of the library, and the multifarious costly odds and ends that an æsthetic art decorator can introduce into a spacious mansion when he has *carte blanche* to do as he pleases, are all in harmony with the stately and ostentatious exterior.

There are prophets of evil who shake their heads at the rapid increase of great fortunes, and tell us we are living in a country where the rich are rapidly becoming richer and the poor poorer. These prophets quote Goldsmith, and declare his lines apply to our country at the present time :

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

But are men decaying in this land of ours? If some are, there are a good many live ones left yet, and these prophets may turn out false prophets after all.

## Salmagundi.

The elder Vernet was commissioned by a wealthy customer to paint him a monk in a cave, which the artist accordingly did, putting in the cave first and then the monk in the foreground in the act of entering it. When he showed the finished picture to his patron, an objection was raised that the monk was outside and not inside the cave. "Ah," said Vernet, "that is owing to the perspective." However, anxious to please, he deepened his shade and so gave

the monk the appearance of being farther inside. But his friendly critic still demurred—the cave was all very well, but he wished the monk to be inside it. Finally Vernet painted out the figure altogether and the cave alone remained. This satisfied his patron entirely; he prized the picture very much and exhibited it in his rooms as "the picture of a monk in a cave," answering all inquiries as to the monk by asserting, "Yes, just that—the monk is *in* the cave. I know it,



for I saw him first outside, then a little way in,  
and now he is quite out of sight."

#### SONNET ON THE INTOLERABLE CONCEIT OF CRITICS.

You critics ! I ignore you graciously,  
And with a touch of pity for you all !  
You leave but inky trails where'er you crawl,  
Of your conceit and self-sufficiency.  
You have condemned such of my poetry  
As might have made the tears of angels fall,—  
One saying, "It is not original—  
You strive to copy Dante, as I see ;"  
Another, "I find Milton's method here ;"  
Another, "It is Shakespeare's in design."  
Poor groundlings ! haply, even as you sneer,  
This grand old trio, crowned with bays divine,  
Are charming all the heavenly atmosphere  
With songs that they have modeled after  
mine.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

#### A FINE DISTINCTION.

Because poor Mrs. Brown, whose lord  
And master died a year ago,  
Appears no longer plunged in woe,  
And now is seen to walk abroad,  
Folks think it queer, and all the town  
Is talking about Mrs. Brown.

Whereas, when Jones, his young wife dead  
A few brief months, began to find  
In social haunts relief of mind ;  
His charitable neighbors said,  
"Poor, lonely man ! 'Tis past belief  
How splendidly he bears his grief !"

ROBERTSON TROWBRIDGE.

The "impressionist" painters of our day  
are derided for claiming to see in their produc-  
tions a great deal more than anyone else can  
see. But, after all, their claim is nothing new,  
and they have very good precedent for allowing  
their imagination to lead them astray. When, a  
half century or more ago, there was a rage in  
London for "old masters," a cabman earned a  
considerable sum by exhibiting "an old master,"  
which was declared unique. All the would-be  
connoisseurs went wild over it. It was so im-  
possible to make out the subject that, as cabby  
himself often said, "it might ha' been meant for  
almost anything," which greatly enhanced its  
value. After a time, a fire occurred in cabby's  
rooms and the frame of the picture was so much  
injured that it was thought desirable to remove

it. When the canvas was taken out it was  
found that the real picture was on the back and  
that the "genuine old master" was the result  
of the cleaning of the artists' brushes.

#### BALLADE.

Tell me, red rose, what you were bid,—  
You know her secret, you she wore  
Shy nestling in her hair half hid  
By jealous golden curls a score,  
As waves half-timid kiss the shore,  
Then tremble were they bold or no.  
I kiss you, blushing token, for  
She loves me—rose, you tell me so.

I softly raise your scented lid,  
Where, sleeping since some dawn of yore  
A crystal dew-drop lies amid  
The downy crimson of your core ;  
I am not versed in Cupid's lore,  
But so I think her blushing glow  
Soft guards the love I sue her for ;  
She loves me—rose, you tell me so.

And when her hand in dainty kid  
Gave you to me, as ne'er before  
It fluttered, tried itself to rid  
Of fetters that it never wore,  
Why trembled she ? My eyes would pour  
My love in hers ; why did she so ?  
Was it because she hates me, or—  
She loves me—rose, you tell me so.

#### L'ENVOI.

Rose, come you not ambassador  
From Cupid's court to let me know  
Love yields at last ? Speak I implore !  
She loves me—rose, you tell me so.

H. C. FAULKNER.

#### CONDENSED COURTSHIP.

##### A ROMANCE IN KITCHEN FRENCH.

(SCENE: *Hall of Mrs. Highflyer's house. Time 7:15 p. m.*  
*Enter Mr. Charles Morgan, late to dinner. He picks*  
*up from the hall table the fateful envelope.)*

##### CHARLES.

Kind fortune, grant me, I do humbly pray  
A charming woman debonair and gay,  
Whose tongue shall race, whose eyes shall  
brightly shine  
To make me happy while I calmly dine.

(*Tears open the envelope and reads the card.*)

"Miss Bruce !" Oh, hang it, what a horrid  
bore !

I'm sure I've never met that girl before !

[*Goes to the drawing-room.*]



'Twas not my fault ; I swear 'twas crooked fate  
Which made me come so very, very late,  
I drove here at a rattling madcap pace—

MRS. HIGHFLYER.

Ah, well ; you've come within the time of  
grace.

And now I wish to quickly introduce  
You to my charming Southern friend, Miss  
Bruce.

I know you used to like, in days of yore,  
All pretty girls from sunny Baltimore ;  
I picked her out my very nicest man.  
Now do be just as lovely as you can !

*(The party sweep into the dining-room. Charles sits at the right of his hostess ; on the other side of Miss Bruce sits Mr. Thomas Beauclerc, a Justice of the Peace, who keeps it and attends strictly to his dinner.)*

[Huitres au naturel.]

CHARLES *(glancing at Miss Bruce)*.  
She's very pretty ! I have drawn a prize !  
Such a complexion and such lovely eyes !

*(Aloud.)*

I thank the South that it should kindly send,  
Some of its sunshine to earth's frozen end,  
Which winter grasps within its lingering hold.

MISS BRUCE.

Why, yes ; I do find Boston rather cold.  
[Potage. Printanier à la Royale.]

CHARLES.

Believe me, that the cold does not impart  
Aught of its torpor to the Northern heart.  
'Tis but an outer coldness which you see.

MISS BRUCE *(flashing a glance at him)*.  
Ah, really, now, you don't seem cold to me.  
[Shad à la maître d'hôtel.]

MISS BRUCE.

Are all the girls in Boston very blue ?  
I've tried to make the best of what I knew.  
Silence is golden, so I made that choice.

CHARLES.

And hushed the music of your silver voice,  
Which sounds amid our twanging nasal keys  
Like the soft murmurs of a Southern breeze.  
Dan Cupid in your tangled lashes lies  
And shoots his arrows from your beaming eyes.  
But oh ! how happy would life's journey be  
If your sweet voice could always speak to me.  
Ah, my own dearest, would life please you so.

MISS BRUCE *(looking down in agitation)*.  
I'm very sorry ; but I must say "no."

MR. BEAUCLERC *(choking over a shad-bone)*.  
Custard than shad is better, Billings owns,  
Because the "custard ain't got any bones."  
*(Beauclerc laughs immoderately.)*

[Amourettes de veau.]

MISS BRUCE *(looking sadly at Charles)*.  
I hope that you will always be my friend.

CHARLES *(looking gloomily at the épergne)*.  
Of course, of course ! Until my life shall end  
I'll be your faithful knight—

[Waiter offers him champagne.]

Give me the dry !

*(Drinks a bumper and again gazes gloomily at the épergne.)*

[Broken-reed birds.]

MISS BRUCE.

I feel so wretched I could almost cry.

[Sorbet Romain.]

*(Charles takes a desperate mouthful, which gives him a toothache and a shooting pain in his eye. Miss Bruce sees his agony, which she does not attribute to the ice. She impulsively hands him a red rose from her bunch.)*

CHARLES.

And from this message what shall I divine ?  
That you've relented—that you will be mine ?  
My angel !

*(Presses the rose to his lips.)*

'Tis the loveliest flower that blows !

MISS BRUCE *(demurely)*.

I am no angel, but I am your Rose !  
*(He presses her hand tenderly under the table.)*

[Canvas-back ducks à la Baltimore. Laitue de  
Boston. Chateau Larose.]

CHARLES.

Ah, dearest, why delay our bliss ? Here at our  
ease

Good Thomas Beauclerc, justice of the peace,  
Can make us two but one.

MISS BRUCE *(coolly)*.

Just as you please.

[Omelette au rhum (go).]

*(Charles whispers to Mr. Beauclerc. A German band outside strikes up the "Wedding March," from "Lohengrin.")*

MR. BEAUCLERC *(arising solemnly)*.

Great Scott ! I never was so startled in my life,—  
But I do here pronounce you man and wife.  
Come joy or sorrow, mirth or carking grief  
Till death's pale charger comes to your relief.  
*(The happy pair exchange rings. Beauclerc kisses the bride—his fee.)*

[Crème de chocolat en surprise. Pâtisserie à la  
bonne femme. Café parfait. Tutti frutti.]

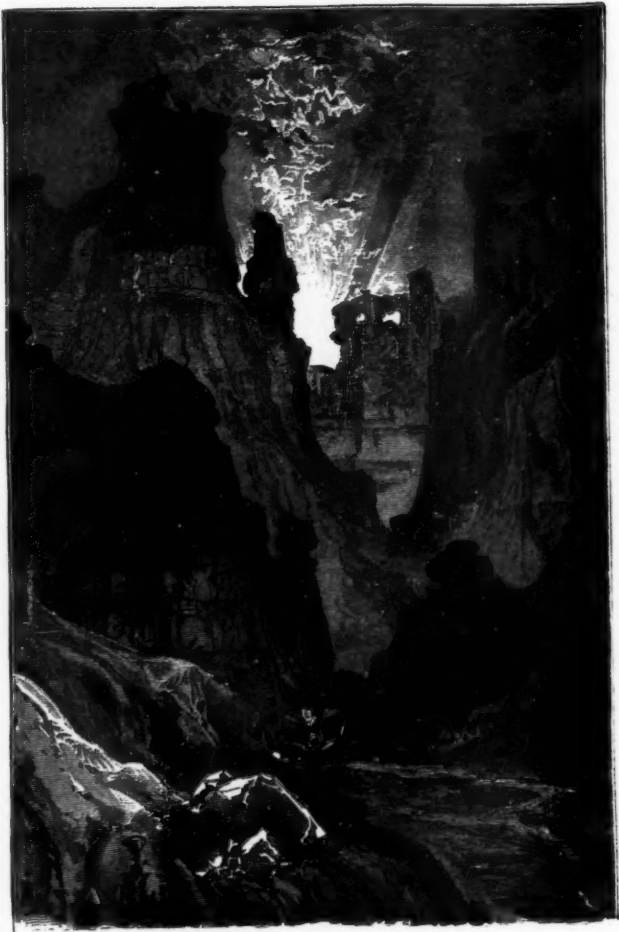
*(And Charles is not allowed by his wife to smoke after dinner.)*

J. T. WHEELWRIGHT.









EROSIONS OF RED SANDSTONE, COLORADO PLATEAU.